Week ending April 12 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

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By Miles the Best!

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This show must end

IN SPITE OF EFFORTS TO STOP it, it is now plain that the disquieting practice of hypnotism for public entertainment is likely to continue uncontrolled.

The Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, has brushed off inquiring M.P.s with vague promises that he would consider the matter. By way of alibi, his colleague, Mr. Crookshank, Minister of Health, has added that hospital cases resulting from stage hypnotism are "happily rare" and that he has no intention of introducing legislation.

Yet several recent cases of stage hypnotism have resulted in prolonged hospital treatment of those submitting themselves to this form of "entertainment."

PUBLIC indignation led to the tabling of a Private Member's Bill, aimed at stopping these performances. The sponsors of the Bill in the House of Commons were seven medical M.P.s.

But the Bill was unlucky. During a busy parliamentary session like the present, there is time only for one or two privately sponsored bills to pass into law. Even these depend largely on the sympathy of the Government, which must afford facilities for the bills' later stages and their transmission to the House of Lords.

The Hypnotism Bill never even came up for debate in the Commons, and has now no chance of doing so this year.

This means that anybody, though psychologically unsuited to such ordeals, can still be hypnotized before an audience, regardless of the consequences to his health and mental stamina.

MOST doctors are emphatic in their denunciation of "hypnotism for fun." They are not impressed by Mr. Crookshank's remark that hospital cases are "happily rare."

If a stage performance were to include shooting at the audience, the excuse that very few people got hit would rightly be scorned. Yet the hypnotists are allowed to get away with harming, however unwittingly, the unpaid volunteers who mount the platform—in the name of entertainment.

It is important to realize that hypnotism is not yet properly understood. It has been practised in all ages; yet it has never been studied with that scientific thoroughness which alone can bring any certainty to its practice.

WHAT exactly are the mental and physical qualifications necessary to the hypnotist? What are the corresponding qualifications needed in the "patient" or "victim"? What other considerations of time, place and setting may decide the success or failure of a demonstration?

To none of these questions is there an authoritative reply. All that is certain is that hypnotism exists—that some people, at least, are subject to this kind of suggestive domination by others.

EVEN reputable medical men shrink from committing themselves to this dangerous territory.

The practice of hypnotism in childbirth has been mooted, but firmly discouraged.

In curative medicine, resort to hypnotism has been justified only by its success in occasional cases where all normal treatment had failed and where disease seemed, therefore, to spring from psychological rather than physical causes.

IN a field where in fact there are no real experts, it is generally agreed that the people who suffer from the effects of stage hypnotism are hysterical types with a morbid craving for this kind of experience.

To watch them being exploited and humiliated is not edifying entertainment for any audience.

There can be no doubt that these dangerous exhibitions should be stopped—and the Ministers concerned should reconsider promptly their apparent willingness to let things slide.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

DURING the war Ronald Lampitt devoted his talent for painting bird's-eye views to drawing enemy targets for the R.A.F. Now he turns it to more peaceful subjects, like his "Springtime in the Park." Lampitt, who lives in a London suburb, says: "In town spring catches you unawares. One day the sun shines, the air sparkles—and there it is. Most townsmen like myself promptly greet it with a stroll in the park."

BRIGHT AND EARLY

"Bonjour, M'sieu. This morning you are the early worm."

"Bird, Henri. And I propose to catch myself a delicious drink."

"Entendu. And after the banquet M'sieu is well?"

"Gay as a finch, as you so picturesquely put it. Complete recovery from a night of old-world jollity."

"And with the gin you took the Rose's Lime Juice?"

"Henri—you begin to comprehend the British train of life. Beaucoup de gin, beaucoup de Rose's. Here goes! First today . . ."

ROSE'S — *for Gin and Lime*

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

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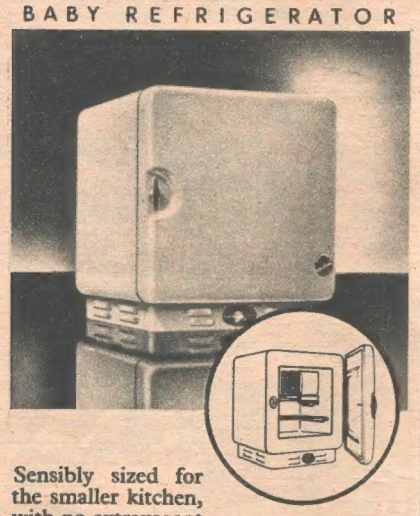

Sensibly sized for the smaller kitchen, with no extravagant "gadgets," the Astral Refrigerator fully meets the needs of the average family. The Astral unit has no moving parts, is silent in use, does not interfere with radio or TV and operates on gas or electricity (AC or DC mains). The Astral guarantee is available to every purchaser who registers the refrigerator under the guarantee scheme.

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FREE SPEECH

The girl who wants to look for adventure

MY FATHER OFTEN COMPLAINS that today's youngsters are spoonfed. Yet, when I asked if I could go for an overnight hike, he firmly refused. I am a Ranger and have been hiking since I was ten and we wanted to go for the adventure of it, taking our own food and a pressure stove on which to cook.

Admittedly, I should have been the youngest in the party, as no other girl was under nineteen and the youngest man was twenty-one. But if parents shelter us in this way, surely it is their fault if we are "spoonfed." — TEENAGER, Birmingham.

Wrong On The Left

AFTER A MOTORING holiday in France, I feel sure that one of the main causes of accidents on our roads is that we travel on the wrong side. After a few days on the Continent I felt more at home on the right than on the left. Most people are right handed and, in an emergency, their instinctive reaction is to jam on the brakes and pull to the right. In Britain this carries them into the oncoming stream of traffic. On the Continent it takes them into the kerb.—V. O. ELCOTT, Island House, Collingbourne Ducis, Marlborough, Wilts.

Trouble At The Top

WHEN WILL the makers of jam pots invent an easy-to-handle lid? For years I have grappled with snap-on lids that won't snap off, hermetically sealed lids that have to be attacked with a tin-opener, banded lids that lead to bandaged hands and lids which have to be pierced with a pin before they can be prised off, followed by half the contents.—MRS. PAT MAYNARD, Sunnymede, Forder Valley Road, Plymouth.

Education Gamble

ONE OF MY FRIENDS is headmistress of a fair-sized primary school. To pay for necessary books and materials which are not provided out of grants by the Ministry of Education and the local authority, she has to organize raffles and whist drives. I wonder if this undesirable practice is purely a local case or if it is widespread.—L. M., Wales.

Joke That Happened

YOUR CARTOON (JOHN BULL, March 22), in which the boss of a house-demolition firm told a recruit that the important thing is to get the right address, reminded me of an incident while I was employed by a decorative flooring company. Our men covered the floors of two rooms in a house—then found that they should have been working on the house next door. The mistake arose because the door keys of the houses were identical and the people were on holiday. It was rectified by repeating the job at the right address, and the folk next door got their floor for nothing.—ROBERT REID, 36 Cullen Street, Glasgow, E.2.

The Thrill Of Puppets

FOR ME, AT NEARLY FORTY, life begins to look really promising. My husband is a farmworker, and about four years ago he carved a wooden puppet and gave it to me to dress. When I had finished he fitted it with strings and we gave our three children a hilarious hour with it. Encouraged, he made several more, and my knowledge of puppet dressing improved quickly. One day, after our children had mentioned this hobby at school, we were invited to do a show. In a few feverish weeks my husband made a stage from scrap wood and I made curtains, backcloth and wings from odds and ends. Cocoa tins came in for light reflectors, a gramophone supplied the music. On the great day we borrowed a barrow and took the whole

Some of the Jones puppets

lot to the packed and noisy school hall. It was thrilling when the curtains opened and the noise stopped instantly. We had a great success, and more invitations followed. We scraped together the money to make a new stage and a little later borrowed money to buy a small three-wheeled van. Now we have given shows in all sorts of places, town halls, hospitals, country mansions and village halls. It's often hard work, but it's well worth it to hear the laughter and applause. Life has become very exciting.—MRS. W. B. JONES, 4 Tithe Road, Upper Weedon, Northants.

The Uncertain Sex

AS A SHOP ASSISTANT I would rather serve ten men than one woman. A man usually knows what he wants when he comes up to the counter, but most women cannot make up their minds. Many cannot make a purchase without having half the shop turned out.—SHOP ASSISTANT, Aberdeen.

Facing Firing Squad

RUSSELL BRADDON'S *The Naked Island* gives a very truthful account of conditions on the "Death Railway," on which I worked. But I am proud to say that never could the Japs break our spirit. One day, in an attempt to do this, they marched me, with five others, into a field where we were told we were to be shot. The officer in charge ordered the firing party to take aim. After a while, he ordered them to stand easy while he walked over and began hitting me, for no reason that I could see. Then he gave me a packet of cigarettes and invited us to smoke. Afterwards we were lined up again and the firing party once more took aim. Suddenly, the officer told us to go back to camp. I later found out that if any one of us had begged for mercy we should all have been shot.—W. J. LEWIS, 26 Princess Street, Gelli Pentre, Rhonnda, Glam.

. . . I was on the working party that Russell Braddon referred to when he described how a Scot hit a Jap during the beating up of an Australian and was killed by the sentries for his courage. I watched all this happen, and it was touch and go, as we were all about ready to have a go.—STANLEY ROBERTS, 73b Philipingstone Terrace, Bridgeness, Bo'ness, West Lothian.

. . . One thing the men who came through these experiences have in common is a spirit of comradeship. There are nearly one hundred Far East prisoner-of-war clubs and associations in Britain, united in pressing their claim for compensation from the Japs. The draft Japanese peace treaty includes a clause which provides that compensation shall be paid to those who "suffered undue hardships" while prisoners of the Japs. The principle has thus been established, but a pitifully small sum (about £25 a head) may eventually be provided. The British are, in this respect, a lot worse off than the Americans, who have been compensated from frozen Jap assets in America at one dollar for each day of captivity. The claims of ex-prisoners and the dependents of those who died should be met from frozen Jap assets.—RONALD HASTAIN, Chairman, London FEPOW Social Club, 100 Hurst Road, Sidcup, Kent.

Punching The Chairs

I KNOW NOW WHY so many people say "No dealers" when advertising second-hand furniture. When I told a dealer that I wanted to sell some of my furniture he sent a man who placed his hands on the backs of the chairs, heaved himself up and swung on them. The chairs survived this test, but he said contemptuously: "*They're* no good. *They* won't last long." He then hurled himself at the settee and punched it all over. His verdict was: "No good," and he stalked out. I later sold all the furniture at a reasonable price—but *not* to a dealer. — MRS. M. BROYD, 19 Gloucester Avenue, Welling, Kent.

"Saucepan" News

SOMETIMES OUR ONLY LINK with the outside world is one of the "Saucepan" radios described in Olga Illner's article (JOHN BULL, January 12). This was especially so during recent heavy rains, when we were cut off from town for a month. It was at this time that we heard of the King's death. Next day, one of the Africans asked how the news had come so quickly. I tried to explain, but he was still muttering, as he walked away, about the white man's magic. — FARMER, Northern Rhodesia.

Cover From The Camera

SO JOHN DIXON, the photographer who provided your cover (JOHN BULL, March 22), wanted to prove that he could do with his camera what artists can do with their brushes! Yet I immediately recognized the cover as a photograph. What came over a professional photographer to make him imagine that

he could compete with an artist? — ROYSTON DEWEY, Burbage, Wilts.

. . . His fine and amusing colour photograph spotlights women's lack of intelligent anticipation. How often they waste everyone's time on buses, in shops and at cinemas.—BILL HALL, 1 Shandon Street, Edinburgh.

John Dixon says he would not think of suggesting that his photographic virtuosity could possibly compete with the purely artistic merits of cover paintings. All he claimed was that he had succeeded in providing a photographic interpretation of a typical "John Bull" cover. The tradition of cover paintings by distinguished artists will not be broken—but Dixon will occasionally try to show the artists what the camera can do.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed.

See what a lot of money the **Presto** saves

With fuel costs rising, a Presto Hi-Speed Pressure Cooker is a necessity in every home. It cooks nutritious and appetising meals 4 times faster than ordinary methods and so effects a spectacular saving in fuel. Recently, in one kitchen the Presto saved so much fuel that an extra meter reading was needed to confirm the low figures! Why not get a Presto yourself? It is the easiest of all pressure cookers to use — the exclusive indicator weight shows correct pressures at a glance. Ask for the Presto at your local shop. Popular size only 77/6; larger size 105/-. Separator sets 7/6 and 8/6.

ONLY THE PRESTO

has this one-piece automatic pressure device. Watch the silver bands appear: 1 band for fruit bottling; 2 bands for vegetable bottling; 3 bands showing correct pressure for day-to-day cooking.

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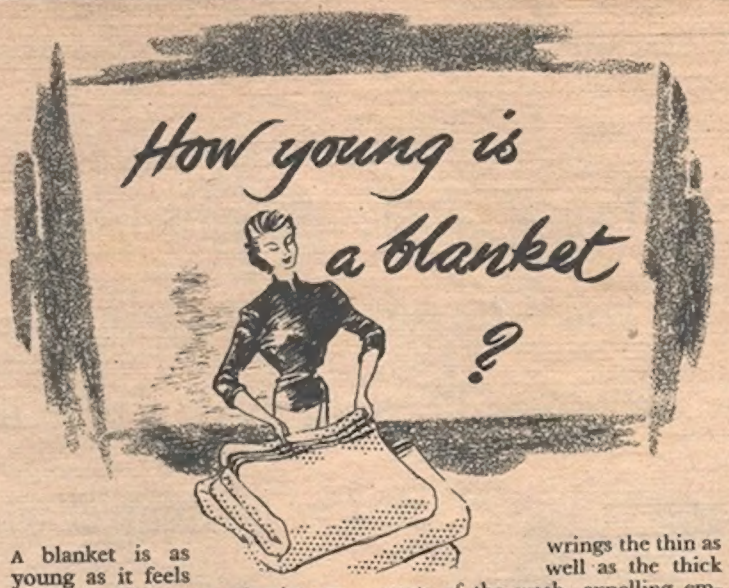
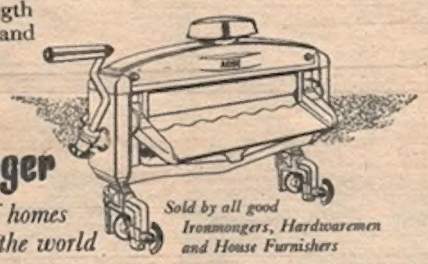


A blanket is as young as it feels and looks. No matter what its age, if it's still soft, fluffy and warm, it's a young blanket. So if you want your blankets—and everything else—to keep their life and freshness for years to come, then the answer is the ACME Cleanser-Wringer.

* * * *

It's the scientific combination of Pressure Distribution and Pressure Indication that does the trick! Acme pressure distribution operates over the whole length of the resilient rubber rollers and wrings the thin as well as the thick parts of the wash, expelling embedded dirt along with the surplus water . . . while Acme's new 3-point pressure indication takes the guesswork out of wringing. Everything from a bib to a blanket, gets exactly the right pressure suited to its weight and texture without any strain on delicate fibres. The whole wash—silks, cottons, linens, woollens—comes out fresher, cleaner, and with longer life ahead.



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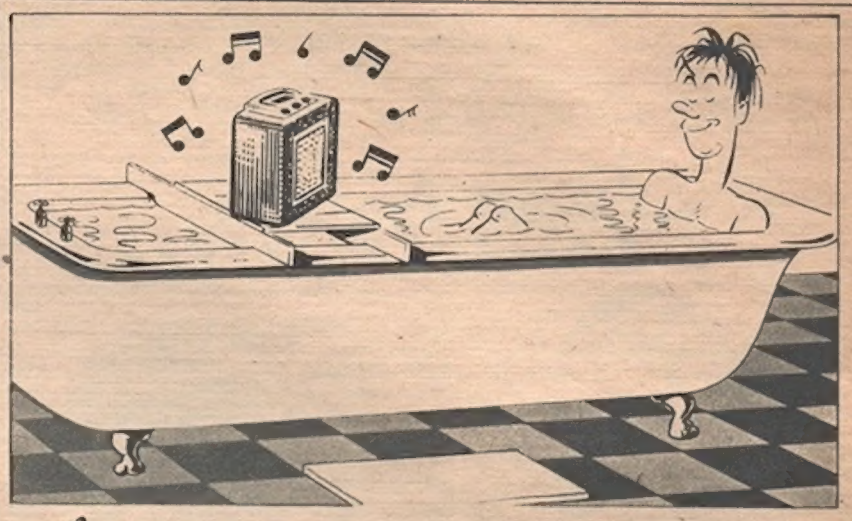

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- Stronger and more flexible casing for greatest durability and maximum riding comfort.
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2H 113

MEDAL FOR A MURDERER

He hated life; he hated himself. Madeleine, in love, did not question why.
The truth caught her unprepared *A two-part story by KEM BENNETT*

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VIOLENT month of July, 1944, Capitaine Martin Pontécoulant disappeared from Gestapo headquarters in the department of Finistère in Brittany. His comrades—officers of Darnand's infamous *Milice*—were not greatly surprised; nor were his friends and allies in the various German police organizations. His implacable enemies of the French Resistance Movement, being realists where traitors were concerned, were the least surprised of all.

The summer had brought anxiety into fashion in France. After three years of fat, sycophantic living, collaborators and renegades were at last seeing the light of vengeance ahead of them. Some had already deserted; others were grimly wondering whether to ask the Germans to take them to safety—temporary safety, they feared—in the tottering Fatherland, or whether to contrive a change of name and address and appearance and hope to escape vengeance by losing themselves in the mass of innocent Frenchmen.

Of those who were to make an attempt to disappear, there were many who would fail, ending their soiled lives briefly under the trees near some Resistance headquarters. Not so the callous and efficient Capitaine Pontécoulant; he was there one day and gone the next, and no one in Brittany knew where or how. . . .

On July 22 of the same year, Commandant Yves Garnier of the Fighting French Army reported to a certain address in London. Inside the building, which presented the outward aspect of a block of flats, he was shown into the office of a Colonel Michael Hindhead. A few minutes later, a light shone above the desk of a confidential stenographer. She went straight to Colonel Hindhead's office, settling herself quietly in a chair in one corner of the room while Commandant Garnier started to talk.

For an hour and a quarter the French officer paced the room; remembering, being prompted, denying, confirming, agreeing, emphasizing. Meanwhile, the stenographer's pencil moved over the pages of her notebook, recording a tale so bizarre and perilous that a writer of adventure stories would not have dared to use it for fear of being ridiculed. The girl worked calmly, since familiarity had bred in her acceptance, if not contempt. The reports she was accustomed to take down in this office were unfailingly dramatic; sometimes horrifying, often tragic, almost always heroic.

When she had left to transcribe her notes, Colonel Hindhead relaxed in his chair and lit a cigarette. He was a young colonel, and a very competent one, who never ceased to appreciate the risks his agents took nor to share imaginatively in their enterprises.

"Lord God in Heaven!" he said now. "What a story!"

Commandant Garnier had a saturnine, strongly featured face which was set, habitually it seemed, in an expression of grim wariness. At this moment his expression was gentler than usual, however. Michael Hindhead was one of the few

---

He took her out many times, but she was never able to pierce his bitter moods. Madeleine realized then that she was falling in love

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

men in the world whom he trusted and liked. It was pleasant to see admiration in a friend's eyes. He smiled briefly, then wiped away the smile as he quickly remembered that admiration, affection and human weakness had no place in his existence.

"It is not a story to be proud of," he said abruptly, in his accurate English. "I wonder how many times I am a murderer."

Michael Hindhead frowned. "Don't be a fool, Yves," he said with quick authority. "Whatever you did had to be done. If you insist upon taking personal responsibility for every incidental tragedy in this war you'll go mad."

There was no answer. Hindhead stared narrowly at the Frenchman. Some of his agents were wild men who laughed all the time—at death, at life, at love, at themselves and at their enemies. Garnier was the opposite; a man for whom laughter had evidently ceased to be an anodyne; for whom, in fact, war seemed to be a devil to which he had sold his soul. Colonel Hindhead decided that it was fortunate that Garnier had been into the field for the last time. He changed the subject.

Some days later, Commandant Garnier was driven to the headquarters of the Fighting French Forces in London. There, General de Gaulle pinned a Chevalier's cross of the *Légion d'Honneur* on his tunic, kissing him with prim military approval on both cheeks. Michael Hindhead, watching the ceremony, thought that he had never seen a man receive an honour with such polite and silent indifference.

Yves Garnier was demobilized in 1946, having fought throughout the campaign in Alsace, where the French Army wiped out the stain of their 1940 defeat at a cost of thousands of men. By then he was a colonel, decorated to the point of exaggeration. He had grown a beard, which is permitted in the French Army. His expression was still wary.

After a few restless days of civilian existence, he went to the office of *Maison Garnier*. His father had been shot by the Germans in 1943. So *Maison Garnier* became *Maison Garnier Fils*. Friends and business acquaintances, calling on Garnier, wished him well. "Nice to see you back, Yves," they said. "Now the war's over you can enjoy yourself. God knows you deserve to."

He looked at them, smiling a smile which left his eyes without expression, and said: "It'll take me some time to get back into the habit of enjoying myself. However, although the war taught me to hate many things, it did not teach me to hate wine. Selling wine will be pleasant—almost as pleasant as it would be to sell drugs."

His bitterness embarrassed and repelled them. After a while they stayed away, leaving him to it—and to the loneliness of a man who can smile neither at himself nor at his fellow human beings.

MONSIEUR LECLERC, the president of the Society of Wine Growers of Anjou, was an orator of astonishing dullness. The pomp and pretension of his phrases served only to emphasize that he was a bore with a loud, emotional voice.

Madeleine Loudiac listened, but not carefully, and the open notebook on the white tablecloth in front of her remained clean. If she wanted details of the president's speech, all she had to do was to go to the files and look up the one he had given the year before—or the year before that. He was at least reliable in his platitudinizing, *Monsieur le Président*. She wished he would stop.

He did; after he had run his inevitable thirty-two minutes. Relief. Presently the next speaker rose, bowing stiffly in response to his predecessor's introduction. He was a tall man with a black spade beard. Madeleine Loudiac stared at him, amused by the ferocity of the beard and curious because there was something familiar about the tall, broad figure. She had failed to catch his name, so she glanced at the menu which had the list of speakers on the back. It told her that he was called Yves Garnier, and that he was the proprietor of *Maison Garnier Fils*. The name meant nothing to her, so she dismissed her curiosity, thinking she had been deceived by a coincidental resemblance.

Yves spoke for seven minutes. He had things to say about the sale of wine in England and America. He said them lucidly, with an almost brutal precision which was refreshing after his predecessor's self-conscious verbosity. His audience was sorry to see him sit down.

Madeleine Loudiac waylaid him in the foyer of the restaurant after the dinner had ended. "Monsieur Garnier?"

"Yes?"

"I am Madeleine Loudiac, Press officer with *Paris-Réclame*. It's my job to publicise the wine trade. Some of the things you said in your speech were news. I wondered if you would care to tell me a little more about them."

Yves looked directly at the girl. She met his gaze, which he knew to disturb most people, showing no embarrassment, and he liked her for it.

For her part, Madeleine Loudiac, facing this man, was both attracted and repelled. What had made him grim, she wondered. Also, she asked herself what it was that caused her to be so instantly certain that there were tenderness and amiability buried somewhere within him, deep beneath the veneer of misanthropy with which he clothed himself.

Accentuated probably by the tedium of the dinner with its rich, pretentious food and endless speeches, an aching loneliness had made Yves suddenly and unusually eager to talk and be talked to. "Where do you live?" he asked the girl.

"In the rue Boyer in the *vingtième*."

"If you'll allow me to drive you home we could talk on the way."

"That would be very kind of you." She was grave and businesslike. No coquetry. In fact, Madeleine Loudiac used no coquetry because she had no need. Her face and body were beautiful, but quite apart from this she was exciting, having that intense appeal which rarely has anything to do with physical beauty.

Yves led the way out of the restaurant. His car, parked outside, was an expensive one, for he had made a success of *Maison Garnier Fils* during the two years which had passed since his demobilization. The girl settled herself beside him on the smooth red leather of the upholstery.

"Does your profession involve you in many dinners like the one we have just eaten?" Yves asked, as they left the restaurant behind.

"A fair number."

"You have my deepest sympathy."

She laughed. "Tonight was not so bad as all that. All the speeches weren't dreary. Yours was stimulating, for example."

The devil of misanthropy had been dormant in Yves since he left the restaurant. Now it awakened, disturbed by a warmth of admiration which it could not tolerate.

"What do you hope to gain by flattering me?" he asked coldly.

It was a quick, brutal reversal of friendly interest. Taking Madeleine Loudiac utterly by surprise, it made her catch her breath. Resentment flared up in her at the unfairness of his question, but she suppressed it. "Not flattery," she said after a second's pause. "Sincerity. If I like somebody, or something someone has said or done, I prefer to say so and trust that he will be wise enough, or intuitive enough, to recognize that I'm sincere. If he is so stupid as to suspect my motives, I take good care not to open myself to his criticism a second time."

Yves was silent, tense at the wheel of his car, fighting the familiar battle within himself. He won—for once. "I'm sorry," he said. "You are quite right and very courageous. I'm too cowardly to trust a human being to be kind and percipient. I'm one of your stupid ones. Forgive me."

She turned, looking at the strong outlines of his head and beard against the light coming through the window beside him. Rather breathlessly, because his callous question had shocked her more than it might have done from another man, she said: "I forgive you."

Then they drew up in obedience to a policeman's signal so that the red glare from a cinema's neon lights illuminated the interior of the car. Yves glanced at Madeleine and smiled sadly. She looked at his eyes rather than his mouth and saw all the pain of a man possessed by a devil of hatred—a devil which he loathed and which he was forced to fight every time he wished to be kind, or tolerant, or amused, or affectionate. She saw as well that he was weary of fighting, so her heart went out to him in a slow, strong beat of compassionate understanding.

WHEN they arrived at Madeleine's apartment block, they realized that they had not once mentioned wine. They laughed about it and Yves asked her to come to his office the following day.

She came. This time they discussed the publicising of wine and wine-drinking, finding that they had ideas in common. She came again, armed with figures and advertising matter and plans. She came a third time, and they lunched together to celebrate their achievements.

In six weeks they were old friends. During these weeks, Madeleine saw many aspects of Yves Garnier. With her he was always friendly, but she saw him with others and knew that her friendship had done nothing to affect the hard core of his misanthropy. His bitterness often appalled her; but she saw that he used it as a shield rather than a weapon, so she was able to condone it.

The other thing that Madeleine Loudiac saw during those weeks—in herself, this time—was that she was falling in love with Yves Garnier. It was a terrifying and at the same time exciting experience. But she was a courageous woman. She did not run away from such an alarming love, as others might have done, but trusted her heart; praying in the meanwhile that Yves would come to love her in return.

One warm and very beautiful evening in June, Yves and Madeleine dined at a restaurant set back among the trees at the lower end of the avenue des Champs Elysées.

Madeleine, who enjoyed eating in fashionable restaurants with a provincial exuberance of which she was not at all ashamed, was gay and full of herself. She was wearing a black dress of light, soft silk with a wickedly swooping *décolletage*. Her bracelet was a kaleidoscopic arrangement of semi-precious stones which, by its heaviness, emphasized the slenderness of her

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KEM BENNETT, thirty-three year old author of *Medal for a Murderer*, knows what it is to earn medals. He is himself the holder of the Croix de Guerre (after parachuting into France for a three-month undercover job during the war), and is a Knight of the Danish Order of the Dannebrog. On one occasion, he was ambushed in a civilian car by German machine gunners.

He ended the war as a major, and in 1946 wrote a novel, *Rococo and a Bottle of Rum*, "as a joke." The "joke" caught on, and he has since written three more and several short stories, one of which, *Death at Attention*, is now being filmed in Hollywood. He is married and lives in London.

The delay was agonizing. "Hurry, please, hurry," she pleaded. "It's desperately urgent!"

arms. She was made up, with the accent on vivid lipstick and nail-varnish, in a way which increased the brilliance of her appearance, making her seem to glow as her bracelet glowed, and shine as her eyes shone.

Looking at her, Yves felt desire sending the blood to his face and temples. He felt a tenderness towards her which astonished him. Tenderness was unfamiliar to him. He had long felt for Madeleine a liking and a relieved affection which, coupled with his longing to take her in his arms, had reassured him that he had not entirely lost his humanity. Now this new emotion, greater than affection, overwhelmed his self-defensive reluctance. Watching her across the table, her face bright with enjoyment, her hands beautiful and precise as she ate and gestured, her breasts curving and infinitely seductive, he admitted to himself that he wanted to love her; even went so far as to wonder whether he loved her already.

Exhilaration suddenly rose in him. Love, or something approaching love, worked in him more powerfully than alcohol and he was suddenly careless and gay for the first time for many years.

"Madeleine, *chérie*," he said, "what an adorable person you are!" And she smiled at him instantly, greatly pleased, taking his compliment with as much delight as he had felt in paying it to her.

They finished their meal, drank their coffee, left the restaurant arm in arm and went out to the car. Yves suggested a drive in the country, to which Madeleine delightedly agreed.

The fair at the Esplanade des Invalides came every year and stayed throughout the months of May and June. It had a circus, a freak show, a giant racer, raggedly constructed with typical French unconcern, shooting galleries, booths where chipped potatoes and beer were sold, fortune-tellers and a Tunnel of Love. It was a lively, raucous, attractive fair.

"Please stop!" Madeleine said when the car approached the Esplanade des Invalides. "There's a booth here where you can throw wooden balls at cups and saucers, which is a thing I've always wanted to do. Can I, Yves?"

They broke quantities of crockery. Later, they shot with rifles in a gallery where the hitting of the bull's-eye automatically caused a photograph to be taken of the marksman. Madeleine missed, but Yves fired with a professional competence which cost the stall-owner five flash-bulbs in as many shots. They waited for the photographs to be developed; then they wandered back towards the river, and came to the Tunnel of Love.

Madeleine stopped and said: "Well?"

Yves stared at the garish plaster construction, at the simpering couples preparing to embark in ridiculous boats made to resemble swans, and suddenly the idiocy of it all moved him. He could not act like other people; could not enjoy himself with their ridiculous pleasures.

"If you insist," he said coolly.

She knew him by now. She knew that to resent, even to acknowledge, these bewildering changes of mood was always fatal. "Of course I don't insist," she answered gaily. "Let's go back now, shall we?"

But his anger could not be so suddenly dismissed. He turned the knife in his self-inflicted wound, exulting in the pain; then, loving her with all his heart, he needed Madeleine to be hurt as well. "If you really want to see what it is like to make love in a tunnel, don't let me stop you," he insisted. "Please regard me as available for all purposes."

She turned quickly to face him, vulnerable as a child in her love, and said: "I know what it is like to make love in a tunnel, Yves. I have done it before, so we need not make the experiment. I will say now, though, since something must have happened to make you miserable, that I think it would do you good to love a little—in a tunnel or anywhere else you may choose."

He stared at her, standing erect with her hands in the pockets of her light coat; facing his anger, drawing down upon herself brutalities which she could not hope to understand. Imminent tears were making her eyes sparkle and she looked so fine and beautiful that the sight of her stopped the beating of his heart. Once again she had disarmed cruelty with courage and simplicity.

"It would save my soul to make love to you," he answered quietly, "but I cannot. I dare neither love nor be loved by a single human being. I am hardly alive, Madeleine, my darling, and unfit company even for a harlot, let alone anyone so adorable as you. I was a fool a hundred times over when I allowed myself to make friends with you. I was stupid enough to think that it would be just friendship, because the terror of loneliness had undermined my intelligence. I'm sorry if I've hurt you. . . . I think I had better drive you home."

It was a silent drive. When they arrived, she took him by the hand and led him up to her apartment. She sat him down on a couch, then took off her coat and went to lie beside him with her head in his lap.

"I have no shame, you see, my love," she said. "Not with you, anyway. Now, if you will only kiss me, I'll undertake to kiss you back and we'll forget your secrets for a while. It's a thing we should have done weeks ago."

Yves left her at midnight. When he had gone, Madeleine moved about the apartment in a dream. The first intoxication of a requited love was working in her, lifting her to a level of consciousness far above happiness.

Later, she made herself a cup of chocolate and went to fetch the shooting gallery photographs from her bag. Yves, with one eye closed and the other fiercely concentrated; herself, standing behind his shoulder with a look of tense encouragement on her face, grave as a

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Andrews turns his quick-witted charm on Jill Craigie, Marghanita Laski, Joy Adamson and Elizabeth Allan, first all-women panel of *What's My Line?*

Eamonn Andrews talks himself to fame

by WILFRED GREATOREX

When he started at the B.B.C., he was first reserve to a legend. Quick thinking has made him a star in his own right

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Assistant Muriel Young helps Eamonn Andrews to plan a cabaret act. He dislikes using a script

ONE DAY, TWO YEARS AGO, an eloquent Irish heavyweight with lush curly hair, heavy eyes and hardly any self-confidence, travelled to London for a B.B.C. audition. Few people on the English side of St. George's Channel had ever heard of him, or if they had, the name meant nothing, and he announced himself to the receptionist at Broadcasting House with some difficulty.

She found it hard to get hold of the name "Eamonn" and finally compromised by phoning to say that "Mr. E. Andrews is here." One of six radio hopefuls who wanted to follow the imminently departing Stewart MacPherson into the chair of *Ignorance Is Bliss*, Andrews was fourth in order of appearance.

By the time his turn came round, the selection committee were almost agreed that MacPherson was irreplaceable. "Then," says one of those present, "Eamonn collected his test script and proceeded to give us everything. It worked. He was so like 'Stewy' we could hardly believe our ears."

Almost ever since, Andrews has been engaged with increasing reward in vindicating himself as a celebrity in his own right rather than as first reserve to a legend, and in trying to prove that there is really more to him than his behaviour as the bawling, monosyllabic chairman of *Ignorance Is Bliss* gave listeners and producers reason to suppose.

"Just as you think you're beginning to get somewhere," he recently confided, "along comes some bright character and says, 'You're nearly as good as MacPherson now' or 'When are they going to let you be your real self with another *Ignorance Is Bliss*?'" To Andrews, both are provocations which try his now celebrated restraint and even temper.

At twenty-nine, the shy, brawny Dubliner is today the B.B.C.'s top utility man. Rated among the first half-dozen British broadcasters, he is

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Squatting on his shooting stick, mopping his brow, Don Jorge awaited the gasp of astonishment after his announcement. He did not wait in vain

Mad dogs and Englishmen

by NEIL P. SUTHERLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

Never before had San Miguel seen so much excitement. Such hounds! Such sport! Such damage! What could be more typically English?

DON JORGE O'BRIEN was known to all and sundry in the *pueblo* of San Miguel as El Inglés, the Englishman. Not that George O'Brien looked like an Englishman at all. As a matter of fact, he looked more native than the natives themselves, and that was not surprising since he was third-generation born.

His great grandfather, the original George O'Brien, had come to South America at the time of the wars against Spain and had fought with the Liberator, General San Martin. After the wars were over, he had settled down on a considerable tract of land and had married a local girl. And in the course of time the present Jorge arrived, the last of the O'Briens.

George, as he renamed himself, spoke Spanish like a native, and English like a native also—like a South American native. He spoke it fluently but with a Spanish accent and twist to the phrases that were unmistakable, but he used it on every possible occasion. Which was not often. Ireland and Scotland, and, perhaps, a collection of other small countries, he thought vaguely, were together contained in the one aristocratic island of England.

Whether he had read of his ancestors in a book, or whether some impressive English figure passing through San Miguel in his remote youth had fired him with ambition, will never be known, but as far back as he could remember he had considered himself English. And in the course of time, with the short memory of people for such things, he had come to be accepted as such in the *pueblo* and surrounding countryside.

Don Jorge, El Inglés, was not an imposing figure. He was short and fat and his skin was as swarthy as the darkest peon. But he shaved every day, and that set him apart, for everybody knew that this was the custom of the English.

The English, of course, were mad, *locos*, and

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Concluding RUSSELL BRADDON'S stirring prisoner-of-war book THE NAKED ISLAND

Piddington sets the camp agog

"War last a hundred years," our Japanese jailers angrily maintained. But we knew that we would soon be free. Even so, Sydney Piddington was bored with life — until he and I "discovered" telepathy and startled the whole camp

Russell Braddon (right) with ex-p.o.w. friends at a reunion. Left, Sydney Piddington and his wife Lesley; at piano, cabaret artist Bill Williams, whose songs Changi Jail men will long remember

An Army nurse tends to a sick prisoner after his release from Changi when Singapore was recaptured

CHRISTMAS OF 1944 CAME, AND with it, of course, a pantomime at the Playhouse, a theatre which the Allied p.o.w.s imprisoned by the Japanese in Changi Jail, Singapore, had built for themselves. This pantomime was called *Twinkletoes* and, like all good pantos, was topical, tuneful, colourful and hilarious.

The script was written by Keith Stevens, better known in the camp as a red-headed "female" with an ample bosom and a bawdy tongue, and Slim de Grey. Slim was six foot two inches tall, incredibly lean, and had that kind of wide-eyed appeal which in dogs is irresistible. With Ray Tullipan, Slim wrote all the songs (lyrics and tunes) for the panto. Slim composed by sitting on the end of his bed, vacant-eyed, his legs swinging, occasionally humming a note or strumming a guitar. Then, suddenly, he would shout: "I've got it. C'mon, Boardie" (this to Boardman, the pianist), and before he lost it again—not uncommon—the two would rush to the Playhouse piano where, as Slim hummed, Boardman would tinkle and write down the notes.

Tullipan composed more sombrely. Tullipan didn't sit, he lay. And, as he lay on his bed, he stropped a long and evil-looking knife incessantly up and down the palm of his hand. And as he stropped, he glowered burningly with his dark eyes at those whom he didn't like. Then, as if he had decided upon a victim, he would suddenly sit up and for the moment put his knife away while he wrote down on paper the melody that had come to his mind.

So the panto went on—a riot of magical sets by the artist Ronald Searle (sets created out of canvas and different-coloured muds and crayons) and a wonderful display of clowning from an officer named Daltry who, with his one eye and one leg, played a fearful hag of a witch. But best of all in that panto were the seven or eight new tunes which set Changi by the ears and had us humming happily for months. Even nowadays there are few men who were in that jail who cannot sing the words and tune of "Castles in the Air."

Home-made Hootch

The New Year sped on and I celebrated my twenty-fourth birthday. I was touched to receive so many cards. It always does seem touching when other people remember your birthday—though not at all when you remember theirs. And these laboriously produced greetings, in a society where any paper commanded a price of a dollar for two square inches (enough to wrap a cigarette), were especially touching. There was also home-made saki (rice and pineapple skin fermented with the sweetness of gulah malacca) with which to drink toasts: and altogether the day was memorable, even if the saki did have a most evil after-effect.

Then came February and the anniversary of the fall of Singapore, and the Nips, as always, celebrated riotously. It was not a celebration in which we displayed much enthusiasm, except that this year, for the first time, we felt: "This, you little apes, will be your last!" And one night at midnight, when all would normally have been quiet, the jail was suddenly rent with howls and screams and the banging of tins and the clatter of eating irons against the walls. Frantically the guard turned out and machine guns were swung round to cover this revolt. But before any shots could be fired the clamour subsided. The cause of it all? An Australian with a leaning towards statistics had worked out that that midnight marked our 1,000th day in captivity. He and his friends were celebrating.

Told Poona Stories

The camaraderie that had existed in Pudu Jail, my first prison camp, between Englishman and Australian, between other ranks and officers, began slowly to gain strength in Changi. Impetus was added to this process by the "characters" to be found in the various elements of our society. Men like Alec Downer, the librarian, who knew people in High Places and who talked perfect Oxford English—not only talked it but taught it to many an Australian whose flat nasal accents he could no longer stand. Men like Professor Roberts, the tiny Englishman with the enormous nose and the acid wit, who lectured to vast audiences on the glories of Communism—and converted not a one but amused them all.

And, best of all, the two English Indian Army majors, Bartram and Dart—known to all as Bartram and Darto. These two told outrageous Poona stories about huntin' tigers and spyin' in Afghanistan and snipin' in the Khyber Pass. Invariably, when Bartram told his delightful and monstrous tales, he would add: "Now you may doubt this, gentlemen, but I know it's true because I was there-ah!" And if he wasn't there, his wife was. One day he told the story, complete with the most graphic and frightful details, of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Now, surely, thought his delighted audience, he can't have been there. Not even his wife, they thought, could have been there. Not in the Black Hole of Calcutta.

"Now, you may doubt all this," the major stated at the end of this story, "but I assure you that it's true. I wasn't there," he explained, "and my wife wasn't there," he continued, "BUT"—and here came complete victory to Bartram—"my great-aunt, SHE was there!" Thus did Bartram and Darto, elderly, moustached, and complete replicas of the classic Indian Army officer, vie with one another, day in and day out.

Finally the concert party produced, to the delight of the entire jail, a sketch in which the two were unmistakably portrayed. Our cup of joy was made full when Darto, at the end of the performance, hastened round backstage. "That sketch," he roared, "that sketch about the Indian Army fellahs. Damned good, old boy. Damned good. Knew two fellahs in

ILLUSTRATION BY RONALD SEARLE

Our telepathy show sometimes flopped. Once, in a hut crammed with p.o.w.s, Piddington tried desperately to transmit a line from Shakespeare: "And through the instrument my pate made way." All I could say, with a cackle, was that a bald-headed old gentleman had been clocked with a violin

Poonah just like that once!" and stumping out of the dressing-room, still muttering "Damned good," he left.

The Playhouse decided next to stage a cavalcade of song. Bill Williams, the pianist who dragged a small portable pedal organ all round Thailand and played boogie on it in every camp on the slave railway, planned the show. Orchestrations were attacked with enthusiasm by a dozen different men in the band. Ronald Searle designed a score of quickly changed sets. The cavalcade was to cover the gamut of popular twentieth-century tunes and conclude with the latest Changi compositions.

Japs Left In A Huff

The first night was an elaborate affair attended by the entire Japanese administration, including General Saito. Quickly the show swung into action and, as song followed song, set followed set and novelty followed novelty, it became obvious that the audience—Nips and all—were enthralled. Then came the finale, a new composition by Bill Williams. First of all, with much hooting and smoke, the bow of a steamer sailed majestically on to the stage. It was the full height of the stage, and its creation had involved every ounce of Searle's artistry and the carpenter's ingenuity. And, as it reached centre stage, Bill started singing his new song: "On Our Return." The company joined in, flooding on to the stage like voyagers about to embark. The audience were electrified and joined in the last chorus. The curtain rang down, and amid the frantic applause Saito and his entourage stalked out—in sullen silence.

That was the last show to be staged in the Playhouse. Saito, furious at the title of the song, at its sentiment, at its reception, banned all further entertainment and could barely be dissuaded from having Williams and the entire company executed. The war, he pointed out angrily, would last a hundred years. Nippon was Number One! Negotiations to get the ban relaxed were futile. Saito stuck grimly to his decision. Not only that, but rations were cut and a search staged for radios. The Nips were obviously extremely put out.

With the closing of the theatre, life came to revolve more around the art of conversation and the consolation to be derived from the company of one's friends. At night, when the day's work on the air-strip which we were building for the Japs was over, the jail became dotted with groups in every courtyard who sat and in quiet tones talked of the "griff"—the news from our secret radio—and their plans and their homes, while all the time the inevitable fag passed amicably from hand to hand for each man to take a "drag."

One of my courtyard friends was Sydney Piddington, the Australian who, after the war, became famous for his entertaining telepathy show with his wife Lesley. Piddington's "discovery" of telepathy began in Changi Jail. I remember it well because I played a part in it.

Maintained Telepathy Worked

One night, after a gruelling day at the air-strip, I returned to our courtyard billet feeling very bad-tempered. "Had a bloody awful day," I announced aggressively. Piddington, engrossed in a magazine, said nothing. Sulkily I sat down and examined the ulcers on my leg, which were legion. Then, suddenly, Piddington said: "Read that, Russ—very interesting," and handed me a "digest" magazine opened up at an article.

I read it. It was by Dr. J. B. Rhine, of Duke University, North Carolina, who maintained that telepathy was not nonsense, but worked. He included a few simple tests with

diagrams. I finished the article, and still feeling peeved, said: "Well, so what?"

"Well, so let's try it," Piddington replied.

"Gawd strewth, Piddo . . ." I started, but he interrupted me. "Look, Russ," he said. "I've got to do something to keep my mind going. I'm forgetting things, getting dull."

"Well, why crackpot stuff like this?" I demanded querulously. "And why pick on me? Why not learn Italian or Hungarian or write a book or something?"

"Why not this stuff?" he countered. "I've tried learning Italian and I'm hopeless. I tried writing a book, and it would have been bloody good, too, only it expired half-way through chapter one. I want something fresh. And anyhow," he concluded, "it might work—you half read my thoughts all the time now."

Try Anything Once

"Read your thoughts!" I repeated derisively. "You're mad. When?"

"Every time I stammer," Piddington replied. And for the moment I was stumped, because I wasn't at all sure that he wasn't right. An hour later, having consumed half a cup of weevily rice, I felt less martyred. Might as well be in it, I thought. Try anything once. "C'mon, Piddo," I said, "let's get telepathical." So we slipped on our clogs, clumped into the courtyard, sat down on a theatre bench and started—with much frivolity and very little success—into the simple tests proposed by Dr. Rhine.

That was the start. Thenceforward we did it every evening. And, as far as we were concerned, we passed from the stage of poor results and frivolity to good results and an absorbed interest. Consistently, without speaking, moving or looking, either one at the other, we passed correctly colours and numbers and objects indicated by a third person.

It was Keith Stevens who set us on our first real test. Stevo may have been a bawdy, red-headed, female half-wit on the stage, but off the stage he was a shrewd, confident young man who had spent his formative years in the cynical sales world of Australia's commercial radio. He would have nothing put over him. Out he came into the courtyard with a piece of three-ply board upon which he had placed the usual assortment of prisoners' possessions. A stump of pencil, a razor blade, a toothbrush utterly devoid of bristles, a bit of string, a spoon, and so on—about thirty of them. "Look at 'em," he ordered. Obediently Piddington and I looked. "Now go away, Piddo," he said, "round that corner." Piddington went.

"Now, you," he said, pointing at me belligerently, "when Syd comes back transmit this," pointing to a piece of string. "And don't say anything and don't move," he added. And then, suspecting that somehow or other we must mentally number objects and then code those numbers over, he moved all the articles round on the piece of three-ply and shouted: "O.K., Piddo, come back." Piddington returned, and Stevo, more belligerent than ever, said: "What's he thinking?" pointing an accusing finger at me. With a slight stammer, Sydney replied: "A piece of string"—whereupon, with a yowl of despair, Stevo left us.

Gradually, with our nightly practisings, the results grew better. Soon we were putting on demonstrations in the huts and at stage shows. In the course of those demonstrations my reception of what Piddington transmitted could hardly be described as infallible. On one occasion, before an audience of sceptical-looking prisoners crammed tight in one of the huts, a line from one of Shakespeare's plays was written on a blackboard. It read: "And through the instrument my pate made way." Despite Sydney's strenuous effort to transmit this line to me, all that I was able to announce, with a cackle of laughter, was that a bald-headed old gentleman had been clocked with a violin.

Lacked Will To Live

And so it went on, sometimes right, sometimes wrong, but always causing fierce arguments among the prisoners, which (the authorities seemed to think) was a good thing. Certainly it was encouraging to see the response of the men in the hospital huts. The huts themselves were a hundred metres long, earth-floored, attap structures—intensely depressing. On either side of the central aisle there were platforms. On these platforms, side by side, lay hundreds of men, dying of, among other things, lack of interest to live—because there is little point in continuing to survive when life consists only of a starvation diet and bug-bites, not to mention the griping pains of dysentery, and the agony of constant dressings (always with bandages that have been used again and again over the past three years), of ulcers and sores that never heal, and of the fires of constant fever.

Piddington and I, therefore, were delighted when, after our first show in the T.B. hut, we left about ninety skeleton-like men roused to such a pitch of bitter argument that their eyes flashed again and their poor, fleshless chests swelled with fury. Two of them—both due to die within a fortnight—were, for the first time in months, up off their backs on their feet endeavouring to fight. Even young Norm, the most desperately afflicted of them all, roused himself from his stupor and said: "Don't believe it! Must have dreamed it like everything else."

Young Norm—he was only nineteen—had become the focal point of the camp's struggle to save these T.B. patients. For two years now he had refused to die. He weighed about four stone. He ate only occasionally and had no taste for rice. When he asked for any food—from caviare to pineapple cakes—it became a point of honour for outside working parties that day (before he fell again into his coma) to steal it. Every time he dozed off his young face became utterly peaceful as he dreamed his dreams. And when he woke the orderlies would ask him where he had been. "Home," he used to say simply. And then they would ask him what he had done at home, and Norm would tell them with the quiet confidence of one who believes implicitly what he says.

Sympathy For Underdog

The orderlies would pass on his dreams to those who brought him stolen delicacies, and they, in turn, would pass them on to the rest of the camp. "How's young Norm today?" became as habitual a question with us all at that time as "What's the griff?" And always it was followed by "What's he done at home lately?" because Norm's dreams about home were always so much better than ours.

The battle to save young Norm was fought with all the ferocity that the British sympathy for the underdog infallibly evokes. He achieved a parity of status in Changi Jail with the Second Front and the possibility of catching a dog for the cooking pot. So when he roused himself from his pleasant fantasies to say: "Don't believe it! Must have dreamed it like everything else," Piddington and I felt almost as

John Bull gets the best-sellers

HERE is good news for readers. JOHN BULL, which has a unique reputation for serializing best-sellers, is to publish the following novels by world-famous authors in advance of their appearance in book form:

THEY DO IT WITH MIRRORS by AGATHA CHRISTIE

THE FAR COUNTRY by NEVIL SHUTE

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM by HAMMOND INNES

FORTUNE IS A WOMAN by WINSTON GRAHAM

WINDOM'S WAY by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

HOUSE OF THE SEVEN FLIES by VICTOR CANNING

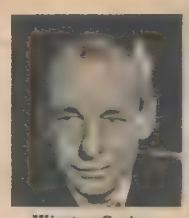
THIS wonderful fiction programme follows a string of widely acclaimed books which JOHN BULL has serialized since 1948—the list of best-sellers that started with H. E. Bates's *The Jacaranda Tree* and included Nevil Shute's memorable *A Town Like Alice*, Agatha Christie's *They Came to Baghdad*, Nigel Balchin's *A Sort of Traitors*, Victor Canning's *Venetian Bird*, Winston Graham's *Night Without Stars*, C. S. Forester's *Lieutenant Hornblower*—and, in the non-fiction field, such gripping real-life stories as Oliver Philpot's *Stolen Journey*, Anthony Richardson's *The Embry Escape*, Lawrence Earl's *Yangtse Incident*, Paul Brickhill's *The Dam Busters* and, of course, Russell Braddon's *The Naked Island*, which ends in this issue of JOHN BULL.

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S FASCINATING NEW "WHODUNIT" is the first of the forthcoming big six to be serialized. *They Do It With Mirrors* will start in JOHN BULL on April 26. Agatha Christie, who is always breaking new ground, sets her mystery story in a country house used as a college for juvenile delinquents. The story is, in turn, funny, exciting, tantalizing—and, as always, magnificently readable.

Nevil Shute

Hammond Innes

Victor Canning


Winston Graham

Agatha Christie

Watch out for more details next week of "They Do It With Mirrors"—and make sure you enjoy the great new fiction programme by placing a regular order for JOHN BULL with your newsagent immediately

The years of bitter imprisonment are over. Free at last, allied prisoners of war demonstrate their feelings outside the huge steel gates of Changi Jail

Stretcher cases go aboard a hospital ship. When the Japs gave in, drugs which they had long denied the sick appeared in profusion

proud as if we had brought him a plateful of bully beef and sweetened condensed milk—which, in those days, was our conception of the last word in culinary bliss.

Young Norm died in December, 1944, and for a moment the whole camp sagged—until those who were with him told the story of how, on this occasion, he had dreamed himself at a Christmas party and, tired, had decided that he must have a sleep. No man in his senses could begrudge young Norm the long comfort of that last after-Christmas sleep.

Japs' Turn Was Next

One morning we woke up to hear that Germany had surrendered. The war in Europe was over. With mocking eyes we looked at Nippon, whose turn was next. "*Damme, damme,*" Nippon said. "Germany Number Ten. Nippon Number One. War finish in one hundred years."

With the end of the European war to be explained away, and the first air-raids over Singapore to add point to the advances in the South-East Asian war, Nippon did not remain calm. Meantime, Burma was being cleared by an avenging Fourteenth Army, and Mountbatten was assembling an amphibious invasion force to retake Malaya.

Angrily the Nips demanded working parties for unknown tasks in Malaya. For the second time in my career I crossed the Causeway to work on a project that did not bode well. We left the jail in batches of a hundred, and were taken to camps in Johoré. There, we were told that we were to build tunnels for ambushes, earthworks for defences, huge walls for dumps. We were to work until the last minute, carrying ammunition where necessary, then—when hand-to-hand fighting became imminent—we were to be shot.

Under this constant threat we laboured from then on. It was not pleasant. Nor was the work. Our group was detailed for tunnelling. We dug tunnels about four yards wide and about four yards high as far into the sides of hills as possible. Dug them into clay, supporting them with pit-props of green rubber. Soon the rubber rotted in the damp and the clay dropped, a whole hill of it, and the tunnels filled. Often there were men inside. Once the falling clay grips you round the ankles, with its heavy, clammy grip, you can't move. You may only stand and wait to see how high the tide of orange earth will rise. Some of us were lucky: others were not.

For weeks we worked thus, returning at night to a gloomy hut in the rubber, damp and closely guarded. Then one day Paddy Matthews, one of our most audacious scroungers, stole a wireless set, and that night listened in. That night was August 15, 1945, and Paddy told us not to worry. He had just heard that the war was over.

Three days later even our Jap guards admitted that we need no longer work. But the war had not been won: nor lost. It had simply, for the moment, stopped. The Japs ceased to bellow "*Currah,*" and instead bowed politely when we passed. The food which they had recently declared to be non-existent, they now produced in vast quantities so that we might eat our fill. Likewise, drugs appeared from everywhere, and in profusion.

Surrender To Mountbatten

Then we all assembled, thousands upon thousands of men, until there were 17,000 there, in Changi Jail. British paratroopers arrived and were greeted politely by the Japanese. Then Mountbatten arrived and (though we were ordered not to by our administration) a few of us walked the seventeen miles into Singapore to see him accept Itagaki's surrender. At that brief ceremony, when Mountbatten drove fearlessly down through hundreds of thousands of hysterical Malays and Chinese, standing upright in an open car, and when Itagaki met him on the steps of the civic hall and handed over his sword—for that brief moment I felt that the war really was over. But it didn't last.

Returning to the jail two days later, I heard that we were now in the hands of an organization known as R.A.P.W.I. (which means "Rehabilitation of Allied Prisoners-of-War and Internees" and was surely impressive enough). When, a month later, we still languished on the island impatiently waiting to be shipped home, R.A.P.W.I. was rechristened—in the British manner—Retain All Prisoners-of-War Indefinitely. This seemed to sting someone into activity, for at once we were drafted into shiploads and the docks became crowded with transports.

War Would Go On

We said all our goodbyes.

The careful fabric of one's personal life, built up over four years, disintegrated at a single blow. All those blokes, Pommies and Australians; all those ties—gone. And then I realized, as, from the ship's rail, I looked back and in the distance saw Changi's tower and above it the flagmast from which the poached egg had now vanished and the Union Jack flew, what was the trouble. This disintegration would not matter if it had been caused by the end of the war. *That* was the trouble. For us, and for the undefeated Japanese soldiers all over South-East Asia, the war had not ended. It had just, momentarily, stopped. The tower slid out of view; the symbol of our captivity was gone—but now I could think only of the words of a thousand guards, of Saito, the Jap commandant, himself: "War finish one hundred years."

So, for those of us who had suffered under them, and for the Nipponese themselves, this was just an interlude—the Hiroshima Incident, probably, they would call it. But the war itself, of Asia against the white man, that—under one guise or another, in one place or another—still had ninety-five years to go. The trouble was that no one at home would believe it.

And with that I brightened. After all, the sea was green and clear: the sun was warm and free: there was food a-plenty and no need for anxiety as the old ship ploughed her confident way eastwards, away from Singapore. We were all going Home. That, for the moment, must be enough. THE END

"The Naked Island" by Russell Braddon is published in book form by T. Werner Laurie, price 15s.

Phoebe, seizing her chance, ran up to within a few feet of the King's horse and curtsied. "Sir, I beg that you will listen to me," she cried

Dark Conspiracy

by JANE LANE

ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

With the King so close, unaware of disaster, Phoebe could keep silent no longer. She acted on impulse

YOUNG DERRICK CALDER, a gentleman usher at the court of the Duke of York, had joined a group of conspirators known as the Friends in Harmony. The group planned a revolution to depose King Charles II in favour of his illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth.

Derrick had joined the group to spy on them. A village chandler at Hampstead, called Daniel Jolly—whose daughter, Phoebe, Derrick was courting—had told him about the plot, after turning out of his house a lodger whom he had discovered planning sedition.

The plotters were an ill-assorted gang of religious zealots, professional agitators and rebellious great lords. Spying on them was dangerous work for a man whose face was known at Court. Derrick knew that, but he had no choice. In the past few years there had been plenty of rumours of conspiracy; to scotch this plot, concrete evidence was needed.

Once, when it seemed that one of the small fry of the conspiracy was ready to talk, Derrick had secured an interview with the Lord Chamberlain. But the informer had lost his nerve at the last moment, and Derrick's own unsupported story had been poo-pooed.

Sick at heart, he left the palace, knowing that it could be only a matter of time now before the plot blew the King and himself and the fat-headed Chamberlain sky high.

But for Derrick the danger was more imminent. That night he had bumped into—and been recognized by—Lord Grey, one of the leaders of the conspiracy.

Despairing, almost resigned to his fate, he went to visit Phoebe. Her sharp tongue and ready wit could always cheer him up. But when, that night, he took her in his arms, he had a presentiment of danger.

The presentiment was well justified—though the danger was not for him. The plotters had thought of a subtler way of keeping him quiet than a knock on the head. Daniel Jolly, rushing up from Hampstead a few days later, brought the news. Phoebe had been abducted.

PART 5

The Rye House Plotters

FOR how long she had been travelling Phoebe did not know. She had fallen asleep in the jolting coach. She awoke to find her two captors shaking her arm and, peering out, saw that it was moonlight and that she was able to get a glimpse of the place to which she had been brought.

Directly in front of her she saw a wooden bridge which led over a moat to two stout oaken doors set in a tower, which looked as high as a church's.

Her captors, bustling her out of the coach and over the bridge with scant ceremony, did not say a word. The more genteel of the two, he who had accompanied her to the Bowling Green, caught hold of a rope which hung down at one side of the door and gave it a jerk. Almost at once, bolts were withdrawn inside, and a figure appeared in the doorway.

He was a short but powerfully built man in his sixties, with arms so long in proportion to his body that he somewhat resembled an ape. He

Continued on page 27

Will Lawther, miners' crusader

by MARJORIE EARL

He has spent a lifetime trailing his coat and battling for his "butties" down the mines. Even the Bible on his mantelshelf is bound in coal

BLUFF, BURLY Sir William Lawther, president of the National Union of Mineworkers, has spent most of the sixty-two years of his full life fighting. His enemies have been poverty, exploitation, injustice, ignorance, inefficiency, sickness, detractors of Britain, theorists, intellectuals, Communists and Conservatives.

Between battles he has been collecting ammunition and planning campaigns, either by examining a situation at close hand—he has been five times to America, once to India and innumerable times to the Continent, including Russia—or by reading. His knowledge of literature, economics, history and current events is prodigious. Every day he reads each of Britain's national newspapers, plus the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune*. The ex-miner, who now holds a key to Britain's economic crisis in his work-hardened hand, has emerged from his lifelong battle of ideologies a complex illustration of all the things that go to make the miners Britain's stormiest workers.

Won The Day With A Quip

Some of his battles are won only after a long campaign of attrition. Others he loses entirely. Some he wins with a single devastating quip. Once, when he was addressing a meeting in America, an Irishman challenged him with a long, inaccurate enumeration of all the crimes ever charged to Britain. Then he asked Sir William for his opinion of the Indian question. "Do you mean the Red Indian question, brother?" Lawther asked.

On another occasion, when he was in New York as a member of a Government productivity team, before America entered the war, he was questioned by reporters about his "mission." "Brothers, we're not on a mission," he replied. "A mission presupposes missionaries. Missionaries presuppose preaching, and if you haven't had plenty of that from us, we've at least had plenty of it from you."

On the same trip, when visiting his sister in Florida, he struck a blow against racial discrimination. "There, in the land of the free," he said disgustedly, "I saw washrooms marked 'For Whites Only.'" Later, on the beach, with the inequality still rankling, he remarked in a loud voice to his companion that a man sunbathing nearby looked like a black. Indignantly, the man got up and said he was not a black, he was brown from the sun. "I told him the Negroes were black for the very same reason," said Sir William.

Sir William at home. When he was twelve, he was earning 1s. 1d. for ten hours' work underground

From time to time, Sir William changes his opponents, with no feeling that he is shifting the ground of his conviction. Along with his union executive committee, he helped to push the miners' charter. For a while, this campaign moved him to the wrong side of the political fence, for the then Minister of Fuel and Power, Emanuel Shinwell, wanted production goals reached before meeting the miners' demands. Lawther insisted that greater production would never be achieved until the miners had a five-day week, holidays with pay and some of the overdue improvements called for in the charter. Lawther won, then jumped back on the side of his Labour colleagues to press the miners to work overtime.

His exhortations are not always popular. He called unofficial strikes "sheer treason," and Yorkshire colliers chalked the words "Burn Lawther" on fences and hoardings, giving him a taste of the treatment he once reserved for mine-owners. He took it philosophically. "When you're always trailing your coat, you're bound to have enemies."

But, like a family that quarrels at home but unites against an outsider, Lawther will not stand for other people criticizing the miners. "Everybody outside the collieries says production has to be increased," he says. "But who

is to increase it? The miners. And will you get people coming to work in the mines? Oh, no. There's the test. They all say they'd want a hundred quid a week before they did *that*."

When he was speaking in the 1950 Election campaign, Lawther commented: "Nature and God have been unkind to me: I have neither sons nor daughters. But if I had a son, and mining was the last job in the world, I'd see that he didn't do it. And if I had a son-in-law, I wouldn't send him into the pits even if he were Vic Oliver."

Altered Views On Communism

In his fight against the Communists, Sir William is no more consistent than he is in his other crusades. "On the Continent, people just can't believe we are so foolish as to think the Communists sincere. We send our boys to Korea, and then we allow the *Daily Worker* to belittle everything they do," he complains. But, when an American recently asked him why he tolerated Communists in the N.U.M., he changed his tune. "Because in Britain we practise liberty, but in the United States you only talk about it," he said.

There was a time when Will Lawther thought differently about Communism. At fifteen, his vigorous young mind embraced Socialism as the answer to the miners' ills, and for many years afterwards he identified these ideals with Marxism. He even went to Moscow as chairman of a labour delegation, but he asks that "nothing I said and did in those days be held against me."

Eldest of a family of eleven, Lawther had to leave the colliery school and go down the pit when he was twelve. "My family needed the thirteen pence that I could earn every day," he says. "That was my first wage, for ten hours underground." The man who now says "the more education you get, the dafter you get," then used to sneak textbooks into the pit under his jacket.

He became a Socialist after he had started evening classes. Because he was a good student he was selected to help a pit official. One day the official's wife handed him a book—Blatchford's *Merrie England*. After reading it, young Lawther joined the thousands it had converted to Socialism. Before long he was a keen trade unionist and later, at the age of eighteen, he became a union official in Chopwell. The story goes around Durham that he was so nervous when he made his first speech that he nearly fainted. Today, the sometimes brilliant and always colourful public speaker, who is at home with fact, statistics, theory or invective, which he delivers wrapped in a thick Northumbrian burr, discounts this story. "They say that I nearly passed out from nerves. 'Tis not true. 'Twas the fumes from the coke stove."

Chopwell was then known as "Little Moscow," not only because its streets were called after Marx, Keir Hardie and A. J. Cook, but because it was, to the masters, "a hotbed of trouble-makers." Will Lawther was one of them. During the General Strike of 1926, when Chopwell had been "out" for eleven months, Lawther was sent to jail. "I've been the guest of His Majesty twice," he says today. "Once at Buckingham Palace, and once in Durham Jail."

For years, because of his "record," he refused to accept a post as Justice of the Peace. Finally he agreed to sit. Discussing the young malefactors who are brought before him, he scoffs: "We weren't like that. We gloried in our crimes. They deny theirs—like those stupid Communists in New York who protested their sweet innocence all the way. Bah! The forces of the progressive movement weren't built *that* way."

From Commons To Dole

In 1929 he was elected Member of Parliament for Barnard Castle. During his three years in the House he introduced a Private Members' Bill for workmen's compensation, and got it through. He has been fighting encroachments ever since. When the Labour Government was dissolved, he returned to Durham and the dole. For eighteen months he was unemployed. This, he thinks today, cut more deeply into the pattern of his life than anything else. "I read two books a day for the entire time," he says.

Two years later, when he was re-employed at Wheatley Hill colliery, he began his long climb to head Britain's miners. In 1939 he became acting president of the Mineworkers' Federation of Great Britain. In 1945 he became first president of the newly formed National Union of Mineworkers, a post he has held ever since.

Lawther spends most evenings quietly at home, reading the books that line the walls of his library in the Tory suburb of Wembley Park. He reads rapidly and remembers well. He can quote long passages from his favourite authors, Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Rousseau and Voltaire. "I keep a Bible on my mantelshelf," he says. "It is a piece of coal."

The Bible, with its cover made of coal, pinpoints the essential paradox of Lawther's character. It reminds him of his background of Methodist evangelism and bitter poverty. But it is surrounded by great works of literature, economics and history, which lead away from simple religion and the particular problems of the pits. Some people believe Lawther has risen above his original dedication.

Reminded By Children

Usually jovial and good-humoured, he loves a Rabelaisian joke and a pint with his "butties." More often than not he uses the rough language of the miner, and when he is fighting for the miner's rights he is the same tough, hard-hitting Will Lawther who once led strikers down the streets of "Little Moscow." But the books on his library shelves have also made him the Lawther who can theorize, quote statistics, understand broad economic problems and see beyond the demands of his own colleagues.

He goes to bed about midnight, gets up at seven, and travels by bus or tube to the N.U.M. offices in Westminster Bridge Road. Half the building lies in ruins from the blitz. Two-thirds of the union's office space is occupied by infants whose nursery school was destroyed during the war. "Hear them thumping around the corridors?" Sir William asks. "They remind me of our responsibilities when I'm tempted to lose patience."

Throughout his life, Lawther has fought against direction. Often he has been the despair of his own colleagues because he cannot be relied upon to act according to pattern. He has a temper—"I wouldn't be human if I didn't have"—and when it rises, gales of anger shake his thick-set frame. "I don't worry, I explode," he says.

During the war, on one of his visits to America, he was invited to speak at Madison Square Garden in aid of Russian War Relief. He accepted. Later he received a telephone call from a minor official of the British Embassy, "suggesting" that he should refuse, because the meeting was Communist-inspired.

"Listen," Sir Will boomed at the startled official on the other end of the line. "Nobody tells me where to speak. I repeat, *nobody*. I've spoken in the Palace of the Soviets, in the British House of Commons, on street corners and in trade union halls. And I'll speak at Madison Square Garden."

Accepted Knighthood

In 1949, before publication of the New Year Honours, he was asked if he would accept a knighthood. "I don't know," he said. "I'll have to discuss it." It was pointed out to him that it was not permissible to discuss the matter with anyone. "Permissible or not," Lawther replied, "I must ask Lottie." Lottie Laws, whom he had known as a child, became his wife in 1915. He did discuss it with Lottie, and her reply was characteristic. "I don't care what you do," she said. "I'll have to do my own housework and shopping just the same. It will make no difference to me."

There are many who think that a knighthood has made a difference to Lottie's husband. Some of his old friends say he has finally been seduced by the fleshpots and is lost irrevocably to the men who go down the pits.

To these, he has a typical, truculent answer. "I haven't forgotten the days when I was talked to like a dog by the mine managers," he says. "I married a miner's daughter, and when I laugh with those people who are now so unctuous, the lass reminds me of the bad times, and I don't forget."

THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THIS photograph of me having my ear pulled was taken when I was twelve, in the part of the page-boy in *Where the Rainbow Ends*.

I don't believe that my own childhood, until I went on the stage at the age of ten, was very different from that of any other little boy of the middle classes, except perhaps that certain embryonic talents may have made me more precocious than the average, and more difficult to manage.

Several characteristics which have been commented on in later years evinced themselves early. I was self-assured from the first, and intolerant of undue piety.

I was also uncompromising in my attitude towards people I disliked, attempting to strike them in the face, or, failing this, going off into screaming fits which frequently lasted long enough for the doctor to be sent for, but invariably gave place to chubby cluckings and smiles by the time he arrived.

When I was six I was sent to a day school. The mistress wore blouses with puffed sleeves, plaid skirts and her hair done over a pad. I didn't care for her. On one occasion, when she had been irritating me over some little question of English grammar, I bit her arm through to the bone, an action which I have never for an instant regretted.

During the year 1909 my singing voice developed strongly. It was really a good voice, more full-blooded than the usual boyish treble. I occasionally sang anthems in churches, but I hated doing this because the lack of applause depressed me. It irritated me when I had soared magnificently through "God is a Spirit," or "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove," to see the entire congregation scuffle on to their knees murmuring gloomy "Amens" instead of clapping loudly and shouting "Bravo."

During the over-long intervals between my public appearances I still attended school, but with even less enthusiasm than before. I developed the adventurous habit of playing truant. This was made easy for me by the frequently genuine excuse of rehearsals. I used to leave the flat in the morning with a thrilling sensation of wickedness, and take quite a different tram and spend the whole day in Waterloo Station or Clapham Junction watching the trains.

Today he is world-famous as playwright, composer and actor. For his name, turn to page 30.

SURVIVAL after Death

The big test—would I hear my wife's own voice?

by REGINALD M. LESTER

AS I WENT ON WITH MY EFFORTS to make contact with my wife, Marjorie, in my search for proof of her survival in the "spirit world" after death, I became more and more eager to try a direct voice sitting.

I had already achieved what is called direct talk—that is to say, I had had convincing and very natural conversations offering a good deal of evidence that my wife had indeed spoken to me from the "other side," using the voice of a medium in trance as the means of communication.

I had been more or less satisfied with this, and now wanted a greater degree of proof. I had been told that one could hear the actual voices of the departed at direct voice sittings. Was it possible that I could recognize my wife's own well-remembered and loved voice?

Perhaps I had built up too high expectations; anyway, my first experience of the direct voice method was disappointing.

I joined a group consisting of six women and three men, in addition to the medium, and we sat in complete darkness. Two trumpets had been brought into the room and placed on the floor. It was explained to me that darkness was needed for this type of sitting, as light tended to break the "tuning-in" waves; and that the trumpets were necessary pieces of apparatus for the reproduction of the voices. (Previously, in my experience, the voice of a medium had always been used.)

After an opening talk by the "spirit guide" in control, both trumpets rose from the floor simultaneously and careered around the room at ceiling height. I could follow their movements by the light of the luminous bands round them, which shone out clearly in the darkness.

After rapidly circling the room, one of the trumpets fell with a clatter to the floor, while the other paused, suspended in the air before a sitter next to me. A voice came through the suspended trumpet—but a voice so hoarse and indistinct that it could not possibly be recognizable. I was frankly disappointed.

I was later told by one of the guides that the voices gradually improved after much practice, but that, in the early days, those on the "other side" found it most difficult to speak through the mask that has to be made for the materialization of the mouth, throat and tongue to form the words.

At this first direct voice sitting, I received no communication, but during my second visit the trumpet came up in front of me after about

This is the fourth of Reginald M. Lester's articles in John Bull describing candidly the results of his personal investigation of spiritualism

twenty minutes. In a strained whisper a voice which I could not even have pretended to recognize, although I could hear every word clearly, gave my wife's name, Marjorie, and said she was finding it difficult and was sorry she could not make her voice sound right.

Not very long after that, I had a sitting of the same kind which was so bad that, if it had been my first, it might have made me want to throw the whole thing up. I had booked the sitting under my middle name, instead of my surname, and kept to myself the fact that my wife had recently passed away. (This might sound like catching the medium out; yet, in point of fact, I regularly took the trouble, throughout my investigations, to conceal my identity and personal history, so as to ensure that any messages I received could only be the result of genuine clairvoyance—or something more.)

In this case, the medium was completely off-beam. Among the people who purported to speak to me were a mother and father (who are still alive); a brother and a daughter (whom I never had); and a near relative supposed to have been killed in the war (I had no relative of any kind killed in the war). Every possible relative except a wife was soon eliminated, and the medium thought my wife was alive. After a long pause, she said rather doubtfully: "This is strange! I have a wife vibration coming through."

I thought: Now one of two things may have happened. Either Marjorie is really coming through, or else the medium may suddenly have concluded that there was a former wife I wanted to contact.

The voice came through in a sufficiently loud whisper for the words to be audible, but would not say who it was, or call me by my own name. The medium now saw that I was entirely unconvinced and brought the sitting to a close. She apologized for the lack of success, and said that she thought it might be due to the fact that she was starting an attack of influenza!

I did not place this experience in the category of premeditated fraud, although it was fraud of a kind; inspired mainly, I believe, by vanity—by the fear of a sitter going away and reporting that Mrs. X had had a complete flop.

It seemed to me unfortunate that no physical medium in this country—so far as I was able to check—had the power to operate the direct voice in the light, as darkness can offer so much scope for fraud.

In the case of one particular medium, however, the very fact that the sitting was in darkness gave rise to an interesting little incident. I was with a group of eight people, and we had been sitting in total darkness for about five minutes when the medium's boy "control" asked us to relax a little more. When I completely relax, I have a habit of leaning right back in my chair and sticking my legs out at full length. I did this very quietly, with no sound of movement at all. Immediately, the boy's voice (speaking through the medium, of course) exclaimed: "When I said relax I didn't mean that gentleman to stick his legs out into the room. I meant relax his mind."

After one or two more experiments, I came to the conclusion that the direct voice is probably one of the most convincing means of communication yet evolved, but often very difficult to achieve. For this reason, perhaps, it is more open to fraud or misrepresentation. Personally, I was able to accept only two group sittings as satisfactory, and to find in England at the time only one direct voice medium who produced results I was unable to shake by cross-checking. Unfortunately, the medium has now gone out to the Dominions.

Yet the further I went with my investigations into this method, the more I felt it to be capable

m'm
Taste the fruit!
ROWNTREE'S FRUIT GUMS
Every year hundreds of tons of fruit are used by Rowntree's to make Fruit Gums and Pastilles. Sun-drenched tangerines, lemons, limes—juicy blackcurrants and raspberries. They all go to make those handy tubes of Rowntree's Fruit Gums. Soothing, refreshing, long-lasting—you really can taste the fruit!

of producing the most convincing kind of proof to the sceptic.

I naturally had to consider to what extent it could be successfully faked. I came to the conclusion that any experienced member of, say, the Magicians' Circle could easily fake quite a number of the phenomena. But what no magician could do, I decided, was to produce two or more voices speaking simultaneously from different parts of the room; simulate the exact tones, phrases and mannerisms of a person he had never met on earth; or quote facts and details of an intimate nature known only to the sitter, and to no one else in the world.

All these phenomena subsequently occurred in my presence through the one medium able to get results by this method which defied all my efforts to explain them away.

Temperature Dropped Suddenly

One of the most outstanding direct voice sittings that I experienced was during one fine, clear evening last summer, in a small private house on the outskirts of London.

I was able to confirm that there were only the three of us in the house: the medium, my friend who took down the proceedings in shorthand, and myself. Before we entered the séance-room, I saw that the front door was locked, with the key in the lock on the inside.

After a short prayer, the medium went into deep trance, and almost immediately very strong and icy psychic breezes played around us. As a meterorologist, I estimated that the sudden drop in temperature within less than two minutes must have been at least twenty degrees Fahrenheit.

Before the medium went into trance, he had started the radiogram, and we realized it was playing so loudly that we should not be able to hear any voices. My friend, who was sitting near the radiogram, suggested that she should try to lower the volume.

At once the voice of the medium's "spirit guide" told her that there was no need for her to do anything, as the volume would be controlled from the spirit side. However it was done—and whether one believed it was controlled from the "other side" or not—the volume of the music certainly went up and down. Subdued when the voices were speaking, it was raised again in the intervals, without anyone at all touching the machine.

The guide, speaking in a distinctive and cultured voice, gave us some very confidential information, known to no one but ourselves. This was followed by a short break of about two minutes, during which the music increased in volume and suddenly fell again. The "control" (namely, the spirit working on the "other side" who controls the medium) then came on the scene, saying: "We want you to listen very carefully. We are going to experiment with two voices at once, as a proof of greater evidence."

In a group sitting, unless one could be sure of the absolute trustworthiness of every sitter, two voices speaking simultaneously would not be particularly convincing. But here, with only the two of us present, it was a remarkable test.

After a few moments I heard a voice speaking my name, and then the word: "Marjorie."

As I greeted my wife, and her voice began to speak to me, the voice of my friend's mother spoke to her simultaneously. Then, while both were speaking, the "control's" voice broke in: "Can you hear them all right?" Actually, therefore, there were three voices speaking from the ether at the same time!

Throughout the whole of this sitting, lasting nearly two hours, we were unable to find any single item or phenomenon that was in any way inaccurate and not full of evidence that seemed to us completely convincing.

NEXT WEEK: My experiences with automatic writing

Beginning in John Bull next week . . . a fascinating series about the struggles and triumphs of a great British film producer

THE MIGHTY BALCON

Filming "Kind Hearts and Coronets," Balcon (right) talks with Joan Greenwood, Dennis Price and director Robert Hamer

JOHN BULL is to publish the remarkable story of Sir Michael Balcon, the mild-mannered go-getter whose astonishing career has been closely linked with scores of famous stars and films; who gate-crashed the fabulous world of film production with £200 in his pocket and emerged through a merry-go-round of disaster and triumph with his name a hallmark in the British cinema; who made stars like Jessie Matthews, Madeleine Carroll, Clive Brook, Alec Guinness and Joan Greenwood, gave Alfred Hitchcock his first chance as a director and fought a fantastic, single-handed battle against the tsar of Hollywood, Louis B. Mayer.

Balcon's story is told in four intimate, closely-documented articles by Lawrence Earl, JOHN BULL staff writer and author of the H.M.S. *Amethyst* best-seller, *Yangtse Incident*. The first article will appear in next week's issue.

MEDAL FOR A MURDERER

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nun. She laughed aloud, adoring him, ridiculously proud of his skill with a rifle. She tried to describe him aloud in words, but words could not satisfy her, so she was soon silent again. Presently she fell asleep in the chair, smiling with delight as Yves came back to her in her dreams.

At four o'clock in the morning she awakened, chilled by the bleakness of the hour before the dawn. She was stiff and cold and, astonishingly it seemed to her, no longer intoxicated with happiness. How could so strong a joy have spent itself in three short hours, she wondered? In an attempt to recapture exaltation, she turned to the photographs again. And later, at four twenty by the clock over the mantelpiece—a time impressed upon her mind as indelibly as if it had been stamped there by the franking machine in a post office—she remembered.

She had been trying to imagine Yves without his beard, and with an instant, devastating clarity she succeeded. She knew suddenly, without any doubt at all, where and when she had seen him before. It had been in Quimper, the Breton town where her parents lived. During the war she had seen him, when she had been a convent schoolgirl walking in a straggling crocodile from the convent to Quimper cathedral—not once but several times.

With no hesitation and no uncertainty she was able to project the memory on to the screen of her mind. He had been tall, forbidding, immaculate in a uniform which suited his build and his bearing. He had been a *milicien*, an emblem of treachery, a man feared for his power to torture and kill and abominated for the vile motives of self-interest which caused him to serve as a lackey for the conquerors of France!

It was the next morning. Madeleine was talking calmly. "If we are to be married the first thing I must do is to take you to my parents."

"In Brittany?"

"Of course, my dear. We cannot ask them to come to us."

"I suppose not. But I must not and will not go to Brittany."

Why? She sounded coolly surprised. Yves, who had been a man as wary as a duellist, was too greatly in love to suspect her of insincerity. His face tautened in an effort to control himself. She watched with contemptuous, reluctant pity in her heart and waited for him to lie.

"I . . . I'm too terrified to tell you now, Madeleine," he said. "I dare not put such a strain on our love. In Brittany, I am a murderer—a legal murderer, but a murderer nevertheless. Please don't ask me more!"

She stared down at her handkerchief, saying: "I won't ask you more," in a tight, controlled voice. "But I have to ask you to take me to Quimper," she insisted. "If you didn't go, my mother and father would not understand. They would suspect that there was something shameful in our marriage and it would break their hearts. You must go and face whatever it is, Yves. There is no other way for without it I could never marry you. . . . I'm sorry."

He was silent for half a minute. His silence was heavy, weighed down by desperation. Eventually he looked up. "All right," he said harshly, "we'll leave now, so that it will be over quickly."

They left Paris at midday, arriving in Quimper just after seven o'clock in the evening. He exerted himself to be agreeable to Madeleine's parents, but as soon as the evening meal was over he said that he was tired after the drive. He went to bed. Madeleine pleading a headache, went for a walk. When she returned, the house was dark and silent. She climbed the stairs to her bedroom, where she undressed and settled down quietly to soak her pillow with tears.

* * *

Madeleine's eldest brother, Jean Loudiac, was a tall, thin man, as fair as she was dark. Being the eldest, he had taken over the family business from his father—the running of excursion boats from Quimper to Bénodet, Concarneau and other holiday resorts on the rocky coast of Finistère. A younger brother, André, was away from home, training in Rennes to be a doctor.

On the morning after their arrival in Quimper, Jean Loudiac called Yves early. He had harpoon guns and submarine masks in his arms and was smiling like a boy who has been promised an adventure. "Good morning," he said. "I'm Jean, Madeleine's brother. I didn't come in until late last night. We were running extra boats to a pilgrimage in Concarneau. . . ."

Yves sat up and leaned out of bed to shake hands.

"It's a wonderful day, *mon ami*," Jean Loudiac went on. "One of the boats is free, so I thought we should take it to the Isles de Glénaans and shoot fish." He waved a harpoon gun. "Have you ever done this before? It's a glorious sport! With one's face under the water it's like being in another world. Get up as soon as you wish. There's coffee waiting downstairs."

Yves climbed out of bed. "Is Madeleine coming?"

"No. She wants to have the morning with *Maman*. She told me to get you out of the way so that they could discuss the beauty of your nature without embarrassing you."

Yves smiled and nodded. To his own great surprise he had slept quite well. Probably it was because a decision had been made. He was in Brittany again. The visit could end disastrously or not, but whatever happened, worry was futile. He knew that the Isles de Glénaans were remote and almost barren. He would be safer there, surely, than walking about the town of Quimper.

He washed and dressed. Then, after thinking for a moment, he sat down to write a note to Madeleine. This was another decision taken, and the taking of it made it seem less momentous. Half an hour later, Yves and Jean Loudiac left the house.

Madeleine came downstairs at nine o'clock. Unlike Yves, she had not slept, so her eyes were dull with misery and fatigue. Her mother was waiting in the dining-room. "Where is Yves?" Madeleine demanded.

The old woman, who still dressed traditionally in the black clothes and starched lace cap of Brittany, looked up from her coffee cup and smiled. "He has not come down yet. He was tired and I thought he would wish to sleep."

Madeleine nodded, then poured herself some coffee and sat down opposite her mother. The old woman, brown-faced, active and still acutely alive, stared at the girl suspiciously. "*Bon Dieu!*" she said. "In my time, being in love was not a thing to weep about. What has happened? Have you fallen out of love? I liked him and so did *Papa* but we thought he was a little grim."

Madeleine stared at her. "You will have to know sooner or later," she said wearily. "It might as well be now. My fiancé is . . . was a traitor, a collaborator and a murderer."

Madame Loudiac was an old woman. She had known two wars and poverty and sickness and bereavement. She was not easily astonished. Her eyes widened and she set down her cup. Then she said incredulously: "That is no small accusation, *ma petite*. Are you sure?"

Quite sure. He was a *milicien*, here in Quimper, during the war."

"*O Seigneur Dieu!*"

The room was silent for a long moment. Then Madame Loudiac whispered: "What are you going to do?"

"I have done it, *Maman*. When I went for a walk last night I went to Charles Robin's house and told him. He said he would denounce Yves to the *Comité de la Résistance*."

"And did you tell Yves what you had done?"

"Of course not."

Again they were silent. And then the old woman said: "Did Yves confess to you that he had been a *milicien*?"

He did not," Madeleine answered bitterly. "I recognized him."

"And you denounced your lover without giving him a chance to explain?"

"What explanation could he have given?" Madeleine asked hopelessly.

"I do not know, but he should have had the chance. Do you know what you have done? You have committed the same crime of which you accuse him—treachery. I suppose you are proud of yourself, *ma petite patriote*? If you are, then you are not a woman but an amazon!"

Slow tears gathered on Madeleine's eyelashes. "I am not proud of myself, *Maman*," she whispered.

Her humility did not soften the old woman's contempt. "I take it you still love him?"

"Yes. I still love him. One cannot take it away at a moment's notice."

"And you know what they will do to him?"

"Prosecute him . . . imprison him, confiscate his money, perhaps. Deprive him of citizenship, . . ." The girl whipped herself with the phrases, taking relief from the pain they caused her.

"They may do those things," the old woman said. "I doubt that they will though. I know them. Robin, for example, is a fanatic. I think you have delivered Yves into the hands of men who will kill him. Even in your maddest anger you could not have meant to do that."

"Oh, no—no."

"I am not romancing. You must warn him. If he stays here he will die. Be sure of it! Be sure of it, you little fool!"

The door of Yves's bedroom was ajar. Madeleine ran breathlessly down the corridor towards it. "Yves!" she shouted. "Yves, wake up!" She burst into the room, only to stop suddenly when she saw the crumpled, empty bed. The white square of an envelope was outlined against the mirror on the dressing-table. She crossed the room and took up the envelope in trembling fingers. She tore open the envelope. She understood suddenly that time had become immensely important. A sense of terrible urgency made her clumsy and she fumbled.

Madeleine my darling, the note said, *I am going fishing with Jean. I understand we are going to Glénaans where I ought to be safe, but it is always possible that I might meet the men who hate me today. Because I cannot afford to ignore any possibility, however remote, I want you to telephone to London. The number is Regent 7090. You must ask for Colonel Michael Hindhead. Repeat to him the number of the British military identity card I have pinned to this note and he will tell you a story. I am afraid you will be shocked and horrified, but that cannot be helped. It would be very dangerous for me to be without a witness who could tell this story to others if need be. Please believe in me. I must go, otherwise Jean will be wondering what has become of me. For heaven's sake remember that you love me, my darling, when you are listening to Michael Hindhead. Bless you for ever. Yves.*

When she had read the note, Madeleine stood for some seconds in front of the dressing-table, striving to dismiss horror from her mind so that she would be able to think clearly. Yves had gone to Glénaans with Jean. To fish. Yet Jean had been a leader of the Resistance. Were they going to fish, or had Charles Robin let Jean into the secret? Had Yves been lured from the house? Had the *Comité de la Résistance* chosen Glénaans as a place of execution?

"No," she said. "Oh, no, no." It was something between a cry and a moan. Then she was rushing down the stairs, past her mother, who was waiting, to the telephone.

When the operator answered, Madeleine said: "I want to speak to London. . . . Yes, London in England . . . and hurry, please, hurry! It is desperately urgent!"

Finally, after a period of minutes stretched and prolonged in her mind until they seemed to be hours, Madeleine heard the unfamiliar ringing tone of a London telephone. For an agonized moment she mistook it for the engaged signal and her heart stopped beating. Then she heard the operator asking for Colonel Hindhead.

They took a short while to find him. Eventually his voice came to Madeleine's ears.

"Colonel Hindhead?" She mispronounced the name. When the Englishman's reply came back his words were French. "*C'est lui qui parle.*" Madeleine sobbed with relief that she was to be spared the necessity of trying to think in English. "*Je m'appelle* Madeleine Loudiac," she said. "I am the fiancé of Commandant Yves Garnier, whose British identity card number was 976843. He is in great danger."

A few minutes later, she knew the story of Martin Pontécoulant and Yves Garnier. She had not spoken while Colonel Hindhead told it because she was fiercely concentrating on the task of committing it to memory.

"Thank you," she said, when he had finished, "thank you from the bottom of my heart. I must go."

In London Michael Hindhead was still talking, but his words were lost because Madeleine had dropped the receiver. It hung down from the telephone apparatus mounted on the wall swinging gently to and fro. Beside it, the front door of the house stood open, and through the door Madame Loudiac could see the running figure of her daughter, weaving her way through the pedestrians on the pavement.

To be concluded next week

"I've been coming here for over twenty years, but, frankly, I think they're slipping . . ."

EAMONN ANDREWS TALKS HIMSELF TO FAME

Continued from page 10

known, like MacPherson, for his boxing commentaries. He was the peace-making chairman of *What's My Line?*, the television parlour-game, presides almost every Saturday over *Sports Report*, and frequently appears as story-reader, disc-jockey, interviewer or commentator. In addition, he fits in a weekly column for a sporting paper and speaks the commentaries for the Irish editions of a cinema newsreel.

For these activities, Andrews is estimated to be currently earning at the rate of £10,000 a year, with the prospect of even more to come from further stage and radio commitments.

His unruffled charm and quick-wittedness have made him, in the eyes of an increasing number of B.B.C. producers, a "natural" for spontaneous broadcasts that call for fast thinking and diplomacy. During a recent edition of *What's My Line?* the climax had just been reached where the team—Gilbert Harding, Elizabeth Allan, Jerry Desmonde and Frances Day—were donning their masks ready for the arrival of the celebrity they had to identify by questioning, when two people in the studio audience gave the game away by exclaiming: "Sharman Douglas!"

Faced with this unexpected embarrassment, Andrews grinned lopsidedly (he is sensitive about a lip-muscle defect caused some years ago by a well-aimed right), wagged a warning finger at the offenders, and while he was saying, "I'll see *you* people after the show!" and Harding was adding, "With coats off, no doubt," decided what to do.

"All right," he said. "Now you can figure out what job Miss Douglas would do if she had the choice." He leaned confidentially towards Sharman, who played up and whispered, "Ice skater." "But for Eamonn's nimble thinking," says Leslie Jackson, producer of *What's My Line?*, "the show might have been ruined."

"Worse Than U.N.O."

Andrews's rôle in *What's My Line?* recently moved one celebrated B.B.C. quizmaster to observe: "He can have it for my money. With Harding on one side and some smart alick likely to turn up on the other, it's worse than presiding over U.N.O."

On one occasion, after at least two members of the team had spent most of the programme baiting him, Andrews signed-off the show, according to one studio technician, "with the strain of it all still showing. I expected to see him laying into them. Instead, he just shrugged and said: 'I hope you're all rid of your frustrations now!'"

Andrews professes himself "anti-script"; an attitude which (though he never admits it) dates back to his *Ignorance Is Bliss* days when he was given lines that made play on such confusion as "new writers" and "neuritis."

Even before this, however, he enjoyed the freedom of the unfettered microphone. "To know that what you say is entirely your responsibility," he says, "gives you a feeling you never get when you have to read from a script." But he is especially strict about accuracy in commentaries. Before covering any event, he likes to familiarize himself with every angle involved: names and past records of horses, boxers, footballers and even, on one occasion, chess players. Often, before doing a commentary on a football match, he spends a whole day meeting the players socially or at practice. He is also a regular visitor to Jack Solomon's gymnasium in Soho to keep up to date with ring techniques and personalities.

Nowadays, however, Andrews's chief trouble is one of adjustment to the different style of commentating required for television. "He has mastered it," says one B.B.C. outside broadcasts expert, "rather more effectively than any other sound broadcaster." When he covered his first boxing championship for the newer medium, Andrews managed to curb his natural volubility, only coming in when some mix-up or point of ringcraft needed explaining.

Of this performance, one highbrow critic wrote: "Though torrential, he was neither tautological nor tautophonous" — an observation that prompted Andrews to remark: "I hope he's right." On another recent boxing assignment for television, he was keeping to the more restrained style when he was told that viewers had lost their picture because of a breakdown.

"As if by instinct," relates a B.B.C. colleague, "Eamonn just flowed on into the sort of full, racy commentary sound radio relies on." Two minutes later he was told that the fault had been partly repaired, but viewers in the Sutton Coldfield and Holme Moss areas were still without a picture. Andrews then adapted his pace and style to "make the fight comprehensible to those who couldn't see it and bearable for those who could."

Although his descriptions are necessarily noted more for their lucidity than for literary merit, Andrews has a connoisseur's pride in some of his more colourful outpourings. Once, to give an impression of a cup tie being played on a snow-covered pitch which had begun to churn up, he said: "This is football on top of a rich, iced fruit cake." And there was the time he related how a player went for the ball "before gently, reverently, disturbing its dignity by kicking it out to his right wing"—a purple passage for which he feels as much guilt as pride. "That one," he says, "must have been in the days when I used to think up such things in advance. I tried to fit them in wherever I could, sometimes with odd results."

Making An Early Start

Andrews first began putting words together as a boy. According to one member of his family, he would stay up into the early hours "thinking of synonyms and alternative ways of describing everything from boxing to the night sky over Dublin."

Born on December 19, 1922, in Synge Street, birthplace of George Bernard Shaw, Andrews one day so impressed a teacher at the Christian Brothers School that his writing talent was brought to the notice of Francis MacManus, the novelist. The boy was invited to call on the writer. "I was tremendously thrilled," Andrews recalls. "He read one of my poems out loud. Then he looked at me and said: 'Son, do you always suffer from a pain in the belly?'"

At eighteen, Andrews had his first and, so far, only play, *The Moon Is Black*, put on at the Peacock Theatre in Dublin by his father. He started part-time broadcasting when he left school in 1940, fitting in commentaries alongside his job as an insurance clerk; a cosy arrangement which ended one day after he had "gone sick" in order to go to Belfast to run the rule over the England football team. "I was to do the match with Ireland the following day," says Eamonn, "and I just had to see that team." During his commentary, however, he slipped badly by referring to what he had seen on the afternoon he was supposed to be ill. "My boss was listening. After that, I became a full-time broadcaster."

From then on it was all work. His worst moment came at the start of a sponsored programme (Radio Eireann leases certain hours to advertisers) when he had to say: "This programme of songs and singers requested by you is presented by the makers of —— pure food products." But by a slip of the tongue he said "poor" instead of "pure." "Eamonn really prayed," says a friend, "waiting for the comeback." None came.

Today the ambitious ex-boxer from Dublin is finding it awkward getting used to his new status. His office, where he tries unconvincingly to behave like an efficient business man, is furnished sparingly with a small bookshelf, settee, chair, emerald-green curtains, and a home-made desk on which stand a tobacco bowl and an imposing pipe which nobody has ever seen him smoking.

Still Lacks Confidence

Despite his "arrival" as a well-paid celebrity, Andrews is still short of confidence. Even now he rarely takes a taxi when a bus is available. He likes to justify his sense of insecurity by recalling that in September, 1950, he was jobless. "I'd finally burnt my bridges in Ireland to take a job touring with the stage version of *Twenty Questions*. I thought that when it ended there would be plenty of work. In fact, I was glad to earn ten guineas for commentating on a chess match."

In the ensuing eighteen months, Andrews has climbed to the five-figure income rung, and cannot go more than a few yards in public today without being asked for his autograph, or "the truth" about whether he and Gilbert Harding are friends or enemies in private life. Some weeks ago an old woman sent Eamonn some dog's condition powders to put in Harding's tea before each broadcast of *What's My Line?* She pointed out that for years she had used them with success on her irascible husband.

Andrews lives modestly with his wife, Grainne, in a West Hampstead flat, where he hopes soon to start writing a play he has had in mind for years—ever since the time he was a member of St. Andrew's Boxing Club and was too shy to admit such literary pretensions. "It's time I wrote something serious," he says ambitiously. "It might help to stop some people thinking of me as just a shadow voice or a noisy nuisance from *Ignorance Is Bliss*." THE END

"Of course I want you to have opinions of your own. I just don't want to hear them"

MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN

Continued from page 11

it was the height of Don Jorge's ambition to be known as *El Inglés loco*. Merely to be called El Inglés was not enough. He must be called the Mad Englishman, and to that end he walked on the sunny side of the street without a hat, shaved every day and otherwise behaved queerly. But, to his deep chagrin, he was still known as El Inglés.

In the course of years the O'Briens had come down in the world, and, from the considerable property that the original George had bequeathed, Don Jorge was now the possessor of a beggarly 500 acres. He had no business to call this tiny allotment an *estancia*, but it was typical of Don Jorge that he did so. And it was to his credit that he got away with it. But that was possibly because he was a foreigner. Was he not El Ingles?

Indeed he was! And nobly he played the part. He became the proud possessor of a shooting stick which accompanied him wherever he went—even to the local cinema. He sent to England for a suit of the finest tweed and, from no one knows where, he had acquired a deerstalker's hat.

Thus attired, he astounded the whole *pueblo* when he squatted on the shooting stick outside the Hotel Universal and chatted with his cronies, the doctors, lawyers, notary, dentist and the *comisario* as they sat at the table on the pavement sipping their midday apéritif.

They would eye him enviously, each secretly wishing that he had the excuse of foreign blood to be able to get away with what Don Jorge was putting across. But they knew it was not possible; they would be laughed out of the district.

Don Jorge needed only to wear a monocle and his pose would be complete, and, as a matter of fact, he did go as far as to buy one and wear it on a cord round his neck. But he could never summon up the courage to put it in his eye.

Once a month Don Jorge and all the neighbouring farmers went to the local cattle market. It was a social occasion; there they met and discussed the animals, the prices, the drought and sundry other topics. And they drank, most of them heavily, and returned in the evening considerably the worse for wear.

But one morning, Don Jorge, seated on his shooting stick outside the Hotel Universal, had news to impart.

"Amigos," he said, removing his deerstalker and mopping his streaming brow, for the day was hot and he was in the sun, "I have to make an important trip tomorrow, therefore I cannot attend the market."

He waited for the gasp of astonishment that would follow this bombshell. For more than thirty years Don Jorge had never missed a market, and his audience knew that only something of supreme gravity must take El Inglés elsewhere on the most important day in the month.

"An old English friend of mine, Mr. Crombie, is having a sale at his *estancia*, Tres Lagunas, and I have a special invitation to attend." Which was not strictly the truth, as he had merely received a printed circular, obviously by mistake, as he was not a big buyer and was quite unknown to Mr. Crombie. "We English, you know," he went on with unction, "stick together. My countryman wished to give me the opportunity of looking over his stock."

If his audience thought this a trifle hard to swallow, they gave no sign, but merely looked at his shooting stick and wished with all their hearts that they, too, had the gift of such invention and could carry it off with the same calmness of mien.

DON JORGE started off early next morning in his old Ford. He had 180 miles to drive across country on dirt roads, and the sale was scheduled to start at ten o'clock. As he chugged along, he was thinking furiously.

He was not interested in Mr. Crombie's cattle, or whatever else he had in the way of livestock, but in the pack of strange dogs he kept. A real English hunting pack, the like of which had never been seen anywhere in the country, and which astonished all who

Just the dish to make a meal "special" —these famous fine Batchelors Peas— plump and perfect. So tender, so delicious, so satisfying — and such nourishing good food, rich in protein! Batchelors wonderful Peas delight everyone!

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Of every 6 typical housewives, 4 prefer Batchelors wonderful Peas. They know that Batchelors Peas are always finer flavoured, first in quality—and most economical. There are Batchelors garden Peas and Batchelors processed Peas in cans—also Batchelors dried Peas in packets. Look for Batchelors Peas—ask for Batchelors every time!

Heart Menders

"FOR OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, Simon and I planned a celebration dinner at home—our guests, my sister Anita and her fiancé Bill. Then ... Anita 'phoned to say they'd quarrelled!

"Simon and I couldn't allow broken romance! We decided to show them what happiness they'd have—or miss.

"That anniversary evening Simon brought me flowers! We practically cooed! Then, when Simon actually helped with the meal, we saw the ice really melting. And dinner kept up the good work! There was delicious Batchelors Cream of Tomato soup, then chicken with luscious, tender Batchelors peas. By trifle-time Anita and Bill were cooing, too—in love all over again!" ... Good meals can really work miracles. Order delicious Batchelors *today*!

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Some days she'd eat a little steamed fish, other days she couldn't manage anything solid. Old people's digestions become weaker with advancing age but I soon found that Granny would always welcome a cup of Benger's Food and find it satisfying and sustaining. Benger's Food being pre-digested does most of the process of digestion for her. It soothes and comforts her and saves me a lot of extra work in the kitchen.

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saw them. There were about a dozen dogs and they hunted the hares which abounded everywhere.

Shortly before ten o'clock, hot, dusty and tired, Don Jorge arrived at Tres Lagunas. To his awestruck eyes it appeared that all the population of the country was there. He had never seen so many people at a private sale, and he wondered, with dismay, if he would have the nerve to bid in front of such a multitude.

The hounds, when he saw them, were smaller than he had imagined. White and brown they were, but, *madre mia*, what dogs! What ears and stiff tails! There was nothing like them in the whole country..

He bought the hounds for a price that staggered him, in spite of the fact that there was not much competition. Mr. Crombie went up and spoke to him after he became the new owner, and seemed surprised to find that Don Jorge spoke English.

"Me," said Don Jorge proudly, "I am English also. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Crombie, sir."

"Good, good," beamed Mr. Crombie. "I'm dashed glad one of us has bought 'em. These local fellows are all right, but they don't know how to treat hounds." He looked at Don Jorge a trifle apprehensively. "I suppose you'll run 'em yourself? Although I must say," he added with a friendly grin, "you rather look as though your running days were behind you."

Don Jorge swallowed uncomfortably. Run. Run? What was all this talk about running?

"Come along to the shack," said Mr. Crombie, waving vaguely in the direction of the *estancia* house that covered about a couple of acres site, "and I'll give you my beaglin' library. *Care and Attention, How to Beagle,* and all the rest of it, you know."

Don Jorge followed him proudly, and over a whisky and soda glanced through book after book on the noble art of beagling. He learned, with some alarm, that beagles are followed on foot, but with commendable caution refrained from disclosing to Mr. Crombie his firm intention of changing the rules and following from the less exhausting position of the back of a saddle horse.

Before he left he was given a small copper hunting horn and a curious-looking whip—both articles, he was earnestly assured, being indispensable at all the best beagle meets. And then, with bursting heart, after arranging to have the hounds brought to San Miguel the next day by truck, he took his leave.

SAN MIGUEL turned out *en masse* for its first beagle meet. Don Jorge had given careful attention to the invitation cards, which had been hurriedly put up by the printer in Bellavista, there being no printer in San Miguel, and they were a work of art in three colours with a picture of a bulldog covering half the card. That was the only dog the printer had in stock.

All his cronies from the Hotel Universal had been invited, and also all of what passed for the county gentry. He expected about forty guests, and more than five hundred turned up, all of them mounted. Every able-bodied man in San Miguel was there, irrespective of race, colour or creed, and there was nothing Don Jorge could do about it. They had arrived and they meant to stay.

They swarmed into the *patio* and filled it. The overflow filled the garden and the tiny paddock behind the ranch-house, while the remainder sat their horses all round the house and watched noisily. The air was full of the sound of jingling bits, the baying of hounds, the screams of little boys and girls and the roar of men who were never accustomed to carry on a conversation other than at the top of their voices.

It took a sweating Don Jorge a full two hours to get the beagles leashed and the plan of action settled. Wisely or otherwise, he had made a separate leash for each hound, and these he tied for the time being to his horse's girth. It was his intention to lead the procession to the far paddock of lucerne grass and then slip the beagles. He was sure of a plentiful supply of hares there, and, with this idea in mind, he stepped gingerly through the baying beasts and mounted.

Across the first paddock all went well. There was not enough grass to hide a locust. The dust rose in clouds as two thousand hooves hit the sun-baked earth, and there was no wind to carry it away. Although it was barely ten o'clock, the sun had been up for five hours and the day was a scorcher. Small boys on thin ponies galloped ahead to open the gate into the second paddock, and there the fun started.

HARDLY was Don Jorge through when a large hare sprang up and made off at top speed. And the hounds, as one beagle, made after it. Those tethered behind made straight through the horse's legs and those at the sides went all ways.

The horse went up on its hind legs with fright. The strain of twelve raw-hide leashes proved too much for the girth, which snapped, and the saddle, with Don Jorge still aboard, hit the ground and started forward. It was not unlike a sledge pulled by huskies, with a man on the sledge.

The hare, as clever hares do, made for the nearest wire fence, which it knew would check the hounds and give it a slight breathing space, and the whole field followed.

Hounds, saddle and Don Jorge went through fifty-odd horsemen who had galloped ahead. And fifty-odd horses, unaccustomed to being charged by twelve baying tan-and-white gringo dogs dragging a saddle with a man firmly in the seat, went wild. They overran the hare and trod its life out before it had gone twenty yards, and without stopping, they took the fence in their stride.

They didn't jump it because these horses knew nothing about jumping, but they charged the fence and took it with them. Fence posts snapped like matchsticks under the strain of their charge, and hounds, saddle and Don Jorge followed in their wake. And behind, shrieking and yelling, followed the remaining 400-odd mounted yeomanry.

More hares sprang up like ants at a picnic. Three hounds on the port side tore loose and vanished with howls of bloodlust, and the saddle, with more starboard helm, turned sharply and described an arc that brought it under the flying hooves of the right wing. A horse will not willingly jump a fence but it will clear a man lying in its path, and Don Jorge, dragged at full speed along the ground, saw horse after horse passing barely above his head.

With Don Jorge yelling frightened imprecations, the hunt drew up and watched impassively as hounds, after describing several decreasing concentric

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Ideas welcomed

THE way a man receives a new idea will show whether he has brains or not. The man whose head is stuffed with prejudices will reject a new idea out of hand because it disturbs his complacency. The brainy man will welcome it.

He will examine the idea, and either add it to his knowledge or reject it because it won't stand up to test. He's the man who will always ask, "Why do I believe this?" And then have the courage to act on the answer.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"I found those papers right here in my drawer, but I haven't the nerve to go and tell them"

circles, drew to a panting halt and allowed him to roll from his lowly but precarious perch. He was brushed down by anxious hands and a fresh mount was produced. It was unhesitatingly thought by all present that Don Jorge's saddle-sledge ride was part of the proceedings, and when he had recovered his breath and part of his nerve, he did not undeceive them.

Murmurs of admiration greeted him as he got painfully to his feet. "*Qué hombre.*" What a man! To which Don Jorge replied simply: "An old English custom, *amigos*. Now for the real hunt."

With the nine remaining hounds safely tethered to the girth, he gave the order: "Forward. *Vamos compañeros.*" And the cavalcade resumed its canter.

The lucerne paddock was reached without mishap. Don Jorge had it well stocked with fat young steers that were just about ready for market. At the advent of the yelling horsemen and the baying hounds, they raised their heads and sniffed nervously. They moved forward curiously and then, as hares rose again on all sides, things began to happen in earnest. Don Jorge had forgotten the effect of the hunt on half-wild cattle, but he recognized the danger now, and, with loud shouts, tried to pull off the chase, but it was too late.

The girth broke again under the strain of the excited hounds, and this time Don Jorge hit the ground and stayed there. The field split up to follow the separate beagles, and 120 bellowing steers turned and made off at top speed. They went through the fence as though it were not there and tore across the adjoining field which belonged to the *comisario*. They went through the *comisario's* farm and out through the other side. Through the lawyer's farm and beyond that into the doctor's. They were joined by every cow and steer on every farm they invaded, and fences fell before them.

DON JORGE knew that all was lost. As a farmer he knew the damage done was terrific and that if he were sued he couldn't pay. He was now boundless, the last beagle having long since vanished in the clouds of dust left by the stampeding cattle—the entire stock of seven farms, farms belonging to the most influential members of the community.

He sighed heavily and leaned forward on his sweating horse's neck, and for a long time he pondered sadly. Gone were his dreams of being known as a mad Englishman, one of that breed of Empire builders that could be recognized at a glance. He now knew himself for what he was: a short, plump, undistinguished South American smallholder with big ideas. And like so many other small men with big ideas and ambition, he would have to pay the price of his pretensions. He mused for several hours.

The sun was low on the horizon when Don Jorge finally turned his horse's head towards the home that tomorrow might be his no longer, and came quietly through the back paddock and so to the front of his modest farmhouse.

And there on the front lawn with the rose bushes and the flower beds that he tended assiduously, as Englishmen do, was the entire hunt. They were sitting on saddles, on boxes, on seats and on the lawn, and their horses were all nicely tethered a short distance away. And they were drinking his wine and his beer. They must have got into his cellar and, he saw at a glance, they had been very busy.

They were quiet now with fatigue and drink and satisfaction and, he noticed with stupefaction, they regarded him with approval. As though through a haze, he saw the *comisario* and the lawyer and the doctors get to their feet and approach him.

"A drink," cried the *comisario* in a loud voice. "A drink for El Inglés. For never have we had such a hunt. Never has there been such excitement in all San Miguel. And all this is thanks to our old and valued English *compañero*, Don Jorge."

Don Jorge could merely gape at him. "Much damage," he stammered, "much damage has been done."

The *comisario's* face broke into a wide grin as he leaned over backwards to bellow with such Homeric laughter that the tethered horses snorted and whinnied in alarm.

"Much damage," he cried. "It will take a week's work! They say all the English are mad," he went on, between gusts of laughter, "and, *por Dios*, it must be true. Look at our friend Don Jorge here. If he isn't *un Inglés loco* then I'm not the *comisario* of San Miguel. At least a week's work it will take to clean up after the sport!"

Don Jorge climbed down stiffly from his horse and took the full glass that the *comisario* held out to him. His heart swelled with love for the *comisario*, for the lawyer and doctors and for every man that was there. He might be an Englishman but he was proud to be one of them—proud and happy that they should call him friend.

He drained the glass at a gulp and tried to pretend that the moisture in his eyes was due to the strength of the drink.

"Bravo, Don Jorge," cried the gauchos with one voice. They regarded him fondly and with a new respect as they added: "*Qué hombre, este Inglés loco.*"

THE END

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DARK CONSPIRACY

Continued from page 16

wore buff boots pulled up to his thighs, boots which were curiously in contrast with his grey country coat and oaken staff. His head was shaved as though ordinarily he wore a wig like a townsman, and he had about him an air of extraordinary surliness and even savagery, an impression heightened by the disfigurement of his face; for he had only one eye. Where the other had been was a hideous, complicated map of wrinkles, drawing up his cheek as though he were perpetually winking.

"There's a bear-garden countenance!" exclaimed Phoebe, to conceal the horror she felt of this man. "I'll warrant you there's many a matron hath miscarried at the sight of those hanging looks."

"Keep a civil tongue, you," growled the man. "My name is Richard Rumbold; I own this house; and if you look to enjoy your security while you are in it, you had best take a care to treat me with respect and carry out my orders. Will, take her within. You are confident you were not followed from Hampstead?"

"Not we," replied the man addressed as Will, and who was the genteel one of Phoebe's captors. "All fell out as we designed, and Weems knows what to say when the hunt begins."

He touched Phoebe's arm, and motioned her to follow him. They were in a small courtyard around which the house was built. In the moonlight she could see that it was partly a large farmhouse, partly a semi-fortified mansion. The whole building had an air of melancholy and brooding evil which, despite herself, fell upon the tired Phoebe like a weight.

"I like your house no better than its master," said she, as her conductor led her through a doorway into the mansion. "Pray, what manner of man is he, if one may ask?"

"He is my elder brother," replied the other shortly, "and an ill man to cross, I do assure you. If you will not behave yourself while you are here, he will not scruple to knock you on the head and fling your corpse into the Ware River. So be advised."

EVEN the spirited Phoebe was somewhat shaken by this threat, and she was silent as her conductor led her up the stair and into a chamber where two women, one old, the other in her late thirties, sat spinning flax.

"Here's the wench," said Will Rumbold shortly. "Give her some meat and show her where she is to lie."

And with that, he went out and closed the door.

Both women had risen on Phoebe's entrance, and the elder now came forward to greet her, the other remaining at her wheel.

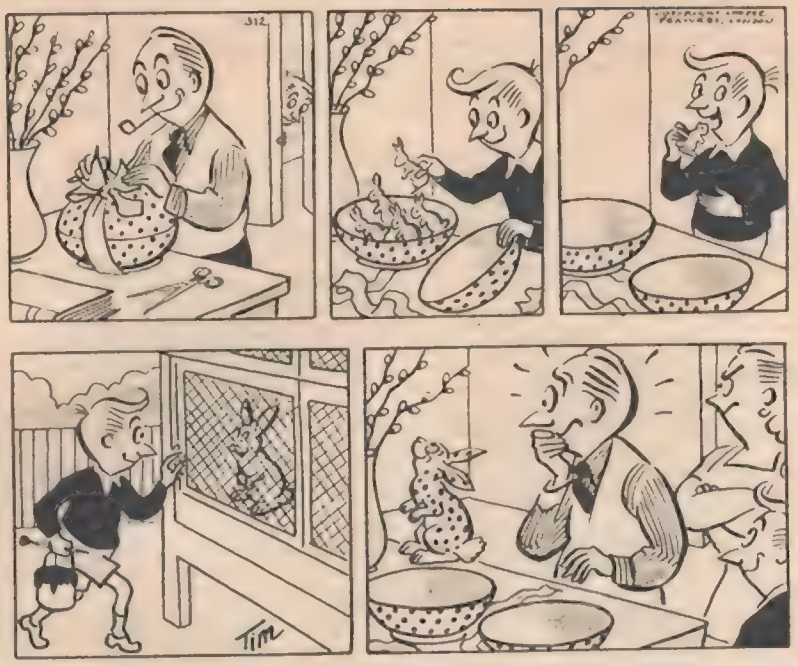
"Do 'ee come in to the vire, me dearie," said the former, in a broad country voice. "'Ee'll be cold and tired after thy long ride. I be Mistress Rumbold, and this be my daughter Miriam."

Sitting by the fire, Phoebe observed the mother and daughter, estimating her chances of interesting them in her escape. It did not take her long to decide that any efforts to coax or frighten Miriam would be in vain; Richard Rumbold's daughter was a sullen, embittered spinster, small, dark, thin, with very pronounced eyebrows which met over her nose. It was plain that she hated her life here, but found some compensation in making everyone in her vicinity as unhappy as herself. Mrs. Rumbold was more promising; she was timid, cowed, obviously in mortal fear of her husband, fundamentally kind and gentle, with a great deal of thwarted maternal instinct.

The girl found next day that she was to be allowed the liberty of walking whither she pleased about the house, the inner courtyard and the garden. But when she had made a tour of her prison, any hopes that escape from it would be easy quickly died.

The Rye House and its garden lay enclosed within a very strong, high wall, looped for muskets, and this in its turn was surrounded by a moat of

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



considerable width. The only access to the outer world was through the gateway in the tower; the doors of this were kept permanently locked, only Richard Rumbold having the key. Beyond them, and across the wooden bridge, was a large outer courtyard, around which were built stables, corn-chambers and a malting-house, for Rumbold was a maltster by trade.

On peering through the loops in one stretch of the surrounding wall, Poebe could see a country lane, which, she learned, was a by-road running between Hoddesdon and Bishop's Stortford.

Having thus satisfied herself that escape from the Rye House would be next to impossible unless she could win over one or other of its inhabitants into being an accomplice, Phoebe turned her attention to accomplishing this feat. It would be in vain, she was aware, to try and coax or frighten Richard Rumbold himself or to waste her efforts on the female part of the household; there remained only William Rumbold and a man named John Rouse.

Phoebe had not been in captivity a week before John Rouse was whispering an invitation to come and take a whet with him in his chamber.

He was a man contemporary in age with the elder Rumbold, and had been a surgeon in the regiment in which Richard had served as lieutenant during the Civil War. Like all the other inhabitants of the Rye, he was plainly in fear of the one-eyed maltster.

ON her first visit to his chamber, Rouse talked solely of himself and of his past, cataloguing a long list of his misfortunes and wrongs, raving against the ingratitude of friends, inveighing against the adverse fate which never had rewarded his talents and qualities. But the second time she accepted an invitation to drink with him, Rouse was more interesting.

"If I could but get me to Bishop's Stortford for a few hours," he grumbled, "I am sure I could find some company more human than these animals with whom I must stay cooped up. And I would take you with me, my pretty dear, and you and I would try what we could discover in the way of a good Rhenish or Canary in the principal tavern there."

This was distinctly encouraging, and Phoebe, seating herself upon his knee, whispered that they ought to attempt it, for it would please her mightily.

"There is not space for a dog or a cat to creep through into the outer world from this place," answered Rouse gloomily, "and Hannibal alone hath the key to the gates."

"Hannibal?" repeated Phoebe. "Do you speak of Master Rumbold?"

"'Tis the cant name for him among our friends," replied Rouse, "because he lacks an eye—nay, I perceive you are not read in the ancients, and why should you plague that lovely head of yours with reading of dull books? Hannibal, my sweet, was a soldier of Carthage and led his people against the might of Rome, during which operations he had the misfortune to lose an eye, but in the end of all took poison rather than fall into the hands of his foe."

"Methinks your modern Hannibal will be fortunate if he cheats the gallows by the same trick," said Phoebe tartly.

"Nay, he'll wear an earl's coronet, my pretty, when all is done," Rouse assured her, laughing. "'Tis a neat plan and cannot fail, and by and by, my charmer, you and I will drink together in a king's palace, and pledge the fate which brought us together in a common captivity here."

"Since I know not what this plan is of which you speak," said Phoebe, yawning, "I will not presume to contradict you."

She got off his knee and walked to the window, turning her back on him. Rouse, very drunk, lurched up behind her, and ducking his head down, began to whisper in her ear.

"'Tis a shame to keep so pretty a bird in a cage and let her know no reason for it. List you, sweet dove, since you are a prisoner and cannot blab, there can be no harm in letting you into our secrets. You must know then (but let not Hannibal know that I have told you, or he will do both of us some mischief) that the King and his brother, when they return from the races at Newmarket, are accustomed to leave the main road at Bishop's Stortford and take the by-way to Hoddesdon, forsaking the other because it winds much about the right hand from Stanstead. They are settled to go to Newmarket upon the twelfth of March and return upon the twenty-sixth, but they will never reach London alive."

She stiffened in the arms which he had placed about her body; keeping her face averted, she strained to hear every word of his half coherent speech.

"'Tis known that they travel with very few Life Guards, and that by the King's order his coachman drives at such a rate that often he quite outdistances those there are. When the royal coach is to pass the Rye and is upon the causeway yonder, there will be a farm cart overturned which will cause it to halt, and, immediately upon this, those within it will be surprised by an ambuscade, who will open fire upon them at point-blank range. Aye, 'tis a neat plan, and cannot fail, I promise you. Come, my sweet rustic, let's drink to it, and to the fine times which are coming for those who 'complish it!"

He applied himself to the bottle once more, and Phoebe, pressing him to drink yet deeper, soon brought him to the state when he scarcely noticed that she escaped from his chamber. She fled to her own room; and there astonished herself by bursting into tears.

For the horrible secrets she had heard from Rouse had pierced the shell of her shallowness and indifference to public matters. Vague talk of a plot was one thing; the details of a plan to murder, in cold blood, the King and his heir, were quite another. And another part of her mind told her that in any scheme she might form for escape, Rouse would be as useless as the others; sullen when sober, maudlin when drunk, he lacked the strength of character to carry out a daring plan even if she could persuade him to enter into it in return for her favours.

Yet an accomplice she must have if she were to get out of the Rye House; there was no possible chance of slipping out by the gateway at some unguarded moment, for the gates were locked by day and bolted by night; however often Richard Rumbold must go in and out about his business, he never did so without turning the key in the lock. At night this key reposed beneath his pillow, and he was not the sort of man to sleep so sound that one might risk stealing it at dead of night.

As it happened, a plan was presented to her. It came about through an indisposition of Mrs. Rumbold.

The maltster's wife, browbeaten by her lord and despised by her daughter, was only too eager to respond to the girl's advances, and was accustomed to confide to her long tales of her bodily ailments, which comprised her only real interest in life. Hitherto, Phoebe had merely listened sympathetically and murmured condolences; but now, seeing her opportunity, she seized it.

"I would I had learned more of the apothecary's art," said the girl. "But having had the sole care of my widowed father for so long, and living, you must know, in the country, I have made myself very skilled in the preparation of herbals, and there is one I know of would do you more good than any physician's pills."

Mrs. Rumbold exclaimed in surprise and astonishment at this, and begged her kind Phoebe to try if she could find the herbs for this sovereign remedy in the garden. Thus, having found so willing an ally in the first part of her scheme, Phoebe made an excursion into the garden.

Her luck was in, for she found all she sought, and presently returned to the house with her apron full of ground-ivy, nightshade, lettuce and poppy roots and prepared the strongest sleeping draught she knew.

THE one-eyed maltster, Rumbold, was a man of habit, and one of his habits was to take a draught of strong ale just before retiring for the night. This draught was brought him by his wife, and was never imbibed until all his duties were done, he had gone the round of the house like a jailer to see that all the inhabitants of the Rye were in their beds, and had satisfied himself that the gates in the tower were fast-closed and bolted. Then, entering his bedchamber, he would place the great key beneath his pillow, undress, drink his nightly potion and retire to rest. All this Phoebe had learned from Mrs. Rumbold during the time she had been prisoner at the Rye.

On the evening of the day when she had prepared a pretended herbal for Mrs. Rumbold's ailments, it was simple for Phoebe, as she went backwards and forwards between the kitchen and the dining chamber at supper time, to slip three-quarters of her potion into the maltster's strong ale, which, as usual, was placed ready at this hour in a special tankard in the pantry. The little that remained of the stuff she reserved for the maltster's wife, to whom she had asserted that the herbal was most efficacious if drunk immediately before retiring.

The household of the Rye retired at its usual hour, and presently the stumping tread of its master announced that he had completed his nightly round and was retiring. Lying tense in the darkness of the bedchamber she shared with Miriam, Phoebe gave him half an hour to undress, drink his strong ale, and succumb to what was mixed with

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it. Then, satisfying herself that Miriam was sound asleep, she slipped out of bed, lifted her hooded cloak from the door, and slipped off her shoes and laid them at the top of the stair. Now she was ready to start upon the most perilous part of her plan.

Before she had gone to bed that night, she had taken care not to undress, but to slip a nightgown over her clothes, so that it was not cold which made her shiver as she padded down the innumerable passages of the old house.

Arrived at last outside the maltster's door, she drew a deep breath, lifted the heavy wooden latch with the utmost caution, stifled a gasp when it creaked a little, then, pushing open the door, slipped inside.

The familiar lidded tankard, with an ale-mug beside it, stood on a small table at the side of the bed on which the maltster lay; she listened intently a moment till she could hear the even breathing of his wife upon the other side, then, inwardly cursing her hands, which shook despite every effort she made to steady them, she lifted one corner of the bed-curtain and peered within.

The maltster lay on his back with his mouth wide open, and it was plainly no ordinary sleep which had overcome him. Now he groaned a little, now breathed stertorously, now grunted and muttered a little, his head turning restlessly, his squat body heaving as if with fever. Beating down her panic, Phoebe held the curtain apart with one hand, and with the other groped beneath the pillow until her fingers closed upon something metallic. Inch by inch she drew it towards her, her gaze fastened all the while upon that drugged figure, expecting at any moment to see it spring up and seize her; until at last the great key lay in her hand, warm from its resting-place, and a thrill of triumph dispelled something of her horror.

Speed was now the one thought in her mind. Dropping the corner of the curtain back into place, she ran on tiptoe from the room, not troubling to close the door behind her; it was all she could do not to race along the passages. Catching up her shoes in her hands, she ran down the stairway, drew back the bolts of the door which gave on to the inner courtyard, and stepped out into the cold air of night.

The house seemed full of watching eyes as she ran across the courtyard; an uneven flagstone all but tripped her; every deep shadow seemed like a lurking figure. But she came to the gates without accident, and addressed herself to her difficult task.

Once out, she could not resist relocking the door, and, with a thrill of triumph, flinging the huge iron key into the moat.

It was beginning to get light as she approached the little town of Bishop's Stortford. Cocks crowed in the neighbouring farms, a boy herded cattle to be milked, and thin skeins of smoke became visible above the trees. Phoebe's spirits rose; and she fell to picturing the further triumphs and excitements which awaited her. She would seek out the Watch House and demand of a constable there that she be taken before a justice of the peace without a moment's delay.

Regaling herself with such pleasant fancies, she entered the High Street and spied a milk-walker, loaded with his pails on their wooden yoke.

Phoebe stepped up to the man and asked to be directed to the town Watch House. The milk-walker paused in his chalking of a score upon a customer's doorpost, stared at his questioner a moment in silence, then displayed toothless gums in a grin.

"Zure, there's a foolish question to asken," said he. "If 'ee be wise, my wench, 'ee'll shun all zuch places like the plague."

"Is this your way of greeting strangers who ask you a fair question?" Phoebe asked crossly. "Prithee, answer me short and plain: where is the Watch House?"

"Zure, I'll tell 'ee where 'tis, wench," replied the man, still grinning broadly, "but don't 'ee rail at me arterwards if when 'ee have come to it 'ee find it hard to leave it again."

He gave the necessary directions, and Phoebe, thanking him shortly, started off to find it. As she went, she noticed that the few people she met stared at her curiously, and that a couple of boys, playing in an alleyway, shouted rude things after her. It began to dawn on her, therefore, that her appearance was in some way unusual, and stopping abruptly in front of a shop window, from which an apprentice had just removed the shutters, she peered at what she could see of her own reflection therein.

She saw a figure with wildly tangled hair, shoes and skirts caked with drying mud, and a cloak torn in several places from the trifling accidents she had met with on her walk. But there was nothing she could do about it. She went on towards the Watch House, and arrived just as the Watch, which consisted of one decrepit old man huddled in a woollen gown, and with his dog on a string and his lanthorn slung at his belt, was going off duty.

The watchman was tired with his night's perambulations; he was likewise very deaf; when at last Phoebe had succeeded in making him understand that she had urgent business with the town constable, the old watchman, yawning between every few words, informed her that the hour had now struck which changed him from a keeper of the peace into an ordinary citizen again, that he was about to go home and get his breakfast, and that he would be obliged if she would take herself off. On receiving a sharp answer from the increasingly exasperated Phoebe, he became the watchman again, and threatened her that if she did not stop plaguing him with silly questions and get out of his sight this moment, he would have her whipped out of the town as a vagrant.

Torn between fury and despair, Phoebe left the Watch House and began to wander aimlessly about the streets. I must get to Newmarket, she thought; no good is to be had by lingering in this pesty little town. She did not know how far it was, but plainly she must have some sort of conveyance; and as she thought this, she noticed just across the street an inn, and through the wide passage which ran down on one side of it, she could see a man bustling about with buckets in a courtyard.

Keeping close to the wall, she made

NOW YOU KNOW

YOUR silver treasures should not need much cleaning if you keep them in use every day. Wash all table silver immediately after use in hot soapy water, and dry it while it's still wet and hot. Give ornamental silver, such as candlesticks, cups and figures, a daily rub over with a polishing cloth.

Fine pieces of old silver which become tarnished from little use should be immersed in a bowl of hot soapy water with a little household soda added. Place an old aluminium saucepan lid in the bowl, and after a few minutes the tarnish will go.

"Standing over this hot stove, day in, day out, doing my best to make things nice, and all I get is abuse, abuse . . ."

an observation of the stables and coachhouse; the ostler had disappeared and there was no one in sight, but standing ready saddled and bridled at the mounting-block was a big bay gelding with a white blaze.

It was an opportunity too good to be missed. Shedding her cloak and tucking up her petticoats, Phoebe ran softly into the courtyard, unhitched the reins, and was about to leap into the saddle when the ostler reappeared in the doorway of the stable. He took in the situation sufficiently as to give a shout, which was so loud and sudden that the bay gelding shied; Phoebe, not yet securely seated, lost her balance and was fain to fling her arms round the gelding's neck to save being thrown to the ground; and at the same time a second man, pushing past the ostler, ran to catch the reins and secure the female horse-thief. Hoisting herself back into the saddle, prepared, if need be, to make a fight for her freedom, Phoebe glared down at the man at the horse's head; and then, for the first time in her healthy life she nearly swooned.

For the man was Derrick Calder.

FIVE minutes later, Phoebe was seated in the common-room of the inn, on a settle by a new-lit fire, with her lover beside her, his arm close round her waist. His free hand touched her gown, lightly caressed her cheek, half-raised itself to her hair, as though he could not convince himself that she was flesh and blood and not some ghost.

At last, kneeling down, he began to unfasten her mud-caked shoes, and as he did so he said, in a strained, hoarse voice, not attempting to conceal his emotion:

"My love, I have been seeking you ever since your father came to me at Whitehall with the news that you were missing. I knew instantly who had abducted you, and why; and howsoever long I live I never shall forgive myself that I was the cause of this crime against you." He paused a moment, then went on more steadily: "I did not know whither they had taken you, and have wasted precious time in searching for you in Sussex and in London.

"But yesterday I heard that the court had moved to Newmarket (I must needs get my news from that quarter at secondhand now, for I have been dismissed from service since I saw you last!) and I hazarded the guess that somewhere about the King's person I might see some of the rogues that are in this vile plot that still goes on against him, and cornering one I might by force or guile get news of you from him."

"But we must hurry there now!" exclaimed Phoebe, and she told him all her story and all she knew of the Rye House plot.

It was still light when they came to the outskirts of Newmarket, and Phoebe, mounted behind Derrick, was beside herself with excitement at the evidence she saw of the Court's being here. A party of finely dressed ladies and gentlemen rode by with hawks on their fists; a cart, on which reposed an elegant bath, evidently sent for in haste by some fair dame who had forgotten to bring it with her, overtook them; and as they came into the one long street of the town, she could see that it was lined with private coaches and sedans. Forgetting for the moment the urgent mission which had brought her here, Phoebe feasted her eyes upon coronets and coats-of-arms painted on coach-doors, on liveried servants bustling hither and thither, and, with the greatest pleasure of all, upon a string of beautiful "running-horses" which were being ridden to their stables by their boy-riders.

They tried one after another of the inns of the town, but found them all crammed to the doors. At last, in a small inn at the end of the town, Derrick prevailed upon the landlord to let Phoebe share a bed with his own daughter and the maid and to let Derrick himself find a shakedown in the loft above the stables with the ostlers and grooms.

That night, in return for her bright, willing help in the kitchen, the landlord's wife allowed Phoebe the run of the wash-house, and a great cauldron of boiling water and a bowl of lye, and Phoebe sat up half the night washing and brushing and ironing and mending her own and Derrick's clothes, and steaming his periwig and bathing herself, so that in the morning they both presented a respectable appearance again.

AFTER breakfast, they mingled with the crowd making for the racecourse. It was some while yet before the first race, and Phoebe had an opportunity of strolling about the course. At the other end were the stables, and, ever fond of animals, it was not ten minutes before she had persuaded one of the horse-keepers to permit her to go into the stables and feast her eyes upon the precious beasts. And what with her wonder at seeing the way they were treated, more like princes than animals, their oats washed with white of egg, their bits with muscadine and their mouths with ale, and her eager drinking-up of the stories told her by one of the boy-riders, she had almost forgotten the mission which had brought her to Newmarket, when a noise from outside reminded her of it.

Penetrating the din of the crowd came the high, thrilling notes of a trumpet, and answering it went up a great roar of acclamation. Running out of the stable, Phoebe observed that every man in the neighbourhood had uncovered, and looking in the direction in which all eyes were turned, she saw a small cavalcade of horsemen approaching from the town. One of them rode ahead of the rest, a tall figure, his horsemanship superb, controlling without effort the liver-chestnut horse which displayed its spirit in many bucks and curvettings. The rider wore a plain suit of country grey, unadorned save for a broad blue ribbon from which hung a medallion, winking in the sunshine; his long legs were encased in thigh-boots, and beneath his fashionably cocked hat he wore a long wig, which flopped upon his shoulders with the dancing of his steed. It did not need the frantic acclaims of the crowd to inform Phoebe that here was King Charles the Second.

It was the first time Phoebe had seen the King, and as she watched that tall figure approaching, so at one with his people in this friendly atmosphere of sport, she felt a sudden sharp stab of feeling go through her, to which she could not give a name. It was this popular, accessible gentleman for whom a bunch of conspirators even now lay in wait, with loaded muskets, behind the walls of the Rye House, prepared to shoot him down in cold blood as he drove back.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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To Feed The Family
We Want Peace, So
Rebel Bevan
Wise Counsel
Riddle Of The Age
Green Pastures
Honourable Mr. Koko
Hidden
The Next Episode
Cigars, Brandy And
Admiring The Scenery
Patiently Waiting
How It's Done
Cured
Listening To Father
Got Nasty
Thrilled To Bits
The Castaways
In The Film-studio

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Man With Many.....
.....From Mars
Brought The.....Round
Made A Lovely.....
.....For The Bookie
Once She Was....., But

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated May 10, and in JOHN BULL dated May 17), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

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"Bullets" Winners 1,825

FIRST PRIZE, £500: S. J. C. Griggs, 20 Commonfield Road, Banstead, Surrey:

TWO BRIGHT EYES WATCHING CLOCK WATCHER—"*Wolf's*"!

£50: D. E. Davies, 12 Machno Terrace, Cwm Penmachno, Bettws-y-Coed: EUROPEAN ARMY—NOW "TRAINING" AMERICAN PRESIDENT?

£25: J. R. MacGlashan, 141 Runley Road, Luton: GARDENER JOHN—FEARS "CUTTING" MAY *Grow*.

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Each of above winners also receives Easter Dinner as offered.

For ten winners of £2 10s. plus Easter Dinner see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. plus Easter Dinner and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been dispatched.

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 782

1. Amenities of almost every village could be improved by this
3. Ruler isn't much good if half a this
4. Composers of music have often been inspired by
6. Might enable expert to identify the band which is broadcasting
9. What tub-thumper needs
10. A government should have a clear policy with regard to its
12. There are times when this is crazy

Down Clues

1. One often puts in very long hours
2. Week at seaside may make football cup team more this
3. Sudden melting away of this will present commander of troops with a problem
4. Likely to be pretty full at certain period of the year
5. One expects to see fine head on
7. This of a man may possibly have been not entirely unconnected with mail-bags
8. The sole function of one kind of sock is to do this
11. It's quite possible to mistake bark for that of

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XWORD 777 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Dunce. 6, More. 7, Jolly. 10, Bat. 11, Woods. 14, Son. 15, Middle. DOWN: 2, Coat. 3, Novel. 4, Needy. 5, Wit. 8, Lids. 9, Hints. 12, Sane. 13, Hum.

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In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.) Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 3.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **782** Closing Postmark MON., APRIL 21

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come at him here," she exclaimed excitedly. "Observe these crowds, how they flock about him and are not driven off. I warrant he is pestered by petitioners of all sorts, being so accessible."

"It is known that he will have no petitions presented to him while he is at his diversions," answered Derrick, "and no talk of public matters either. That is why I fear our task will prove difficult, for though his Majesty is the kindest of men, my dear, he is apt to be sharp if his commands are not observed."

And then, as Phoebe began to fume with impatience, suddenly her lover caught her arm.

"His Majesty is going to dine," said he, "which he doth alfresco on the course. See, they are spreading a cloth for him yonder among the trees; he permits the crowds to see him eat, and we will make one with them."

PUSHING their way through the straggling crowds that were following the royal horseman, they were soon in the front ranks. Some little way before he reached the group of trees beneath which his collation was spread, a groom came running to hold his horse while he dismounted, and approaching at a distance behind the groom walked several court officials, hats in hands. It was at this moment that the liver-chestnut stallion chose to give the spectators an exhibition of his own high spirits and his master's horsemanship. Refusing to stand still, he began to buck, and then to rear, his ears laid flat, his nostrils dilated, foam flying from his lips, and his powerful body quivering with excitement and mischief. The crowds drew back out of respect for those wicked heels, and even the groom kept at a wary distance, so that for a brief interval the King was quite alone. It was Phoebe's chance and she seized it. Snatching her arm from Derrick's, she ran to within a couple of yards of the prancing stallion, bobbed a small curtsy, and cried:

"Sir, I perceive that there is no horse ever foaled that could put you down, but there are rogues can do so, and I beg that you will listen to me while I tell you of them and of how they plot against your Majesty's life."

The King, who had now succeeded in quieting his mount, stared down at her for an instant in silence. One of the royal eyebrows shot up, the deeply curved mouth twisted into its famous smile, and the heavy-lidded melancholy eyes quizzed her with dry humour.

"'Odsfish!" exclaimed King Charles. "Here must be Mistress Titus Oates."

"I have to tell you," pursued Phoebe doggedly, irritated but not abashed by this reception of her news, "of a plot against your Majesty's life, to which I and this gentleman here can bear witness. They are lying in wait even now to shoot you——"

"In the park," interrupted the King, leaping suddenly from the saddle and throwing his rein to the groom, "with screwed bullets. There are others who will poison my wine, yet others who have sanctified knives with which to stab me, for they are very thorough gentlemen, these plotters of yours. You see, my wench, I have heard it all so many times before. Who may it be on this occasion, prithee? The Papists, the French, or is it by chance the Quakers for a change?" He laughed outright, then added kindly: "Lord! so pretty a mouth should not let fall such nonsense. Enjoy the sport, my wench, as I am resolved to do, and harkee, if you would make a shilling to buy a new ribbon, lay a wager on the bay mare which runs in the next heat; she belonged to my Lord Rochester and hath never been beaten yet."

During this speech, Phoebe's flush had deepened into one of anger; all the pent-up anxiety and nervous strain of the last few weeks boiled up in her so furiously that, forgetting in whose presence she was, she was about to relieve her feelings in a spate of

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 18 shows (on the right) Noël Coward when a boy. The text comprises extracts from "Present Indicative" (Heinemann).

rustic invective, when Derrick, stepping forward and putting a tight grip upon her arm, said quickly to the King:

"Sir, I implore you that your Majesty will grant to this lady and myself some privy talk at your convenience, for I swear to you that 'tis true what she says, and that there is a plot abroad——"

"What's this? What's this?" interposed a new voice in great agitation, and Phoebe, whipping round, saw that a group of court officials had now arrived, and that the voice was that of a short, fat gentleman, dressed very unsuitably for a racecourse and carrying a white wand. "Your Majesty is being pestered; I know it is always so when your Majesty condescends to let the mobile come at you. Away, wench, away instanter! I'll give you over to the constables and have you whipped for your insolence. And you, sir—wounds! who's here? Now marry come up, you knave, how dare you show your face in the King's presence? Sir, I must inform your Majesty that this fellow was one of my Officers in Ordinary, an usher to his Royal Highness, but lately sent away from Whitehall in disgrace."

THE King glanced at Derrick and his face clouded. Now that the smile was gone, Phoebe noticed how aged was that face, how seamed with lines of weariness and anxiety.

"You do ill, sir," said Charles shortly, to Derrick, "if you think to regain your post by these means, and worse to enlist the aid of this simple wench."

"I beg that your Majesty will permit me to have the fellow warded," chimed in the fat gentleman officiously. "I suspect that if inquiry be made 'twill be found that he is a dangerous person, for whiles we were yet in London I heard talk that he was got into the company of rogues, and moreover from my own knowledge I know him to be insolent and mischievous."

"My Lord Chamberlain," said the King, with bored patience, "be so good as to remember that I am come hither to divert myself with sport, and will not—I say, I will not—be foxed with talk of dangerous persons or the misdeeds of Officers in Ordinary, even from your lordship."

And with that he turned and strode away ahead of his attendants, leaving only the fat gentleman whom he had addressed as "my Lord Chamberlain," and who, ignoring Phoebe, was puffing out his cheeks at Derrick like an angry cherub.

"You may thank his Majesty's famous clemency that you are not under arrest, Mr. Calder," he cried. "But this I promise you, that if you seek to intrude yourself into his Majesty's presence a second time, or show your face as much as in the neighbourhood of the Court, you will not escape so lightly."

Having uttered this threat, he waddled away in the wake of King Charles, leaving Derrick and his sweetheart staring after him, speechless with despair.

To be concluded next week

Free Advice Service

IN A LETTER to JOHN BULL, Mrs. I. G. Whitelaw, of Highcroft Avenue, Glasgow, writes: "I must congratulate you on the speed and efficiency of your Free Advice Service. I got the answer to my problem by return post. It's just as if a kind friend were standing beside one. . . ."

Whether their worries are about income tax or holiday arrangements, readers with personal problems (other than medical) can refer them to JOHN BULL's team of experts. The address of the Free Advice Service is 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. A stamped, addressed envelope for reply must accompany inquiries.

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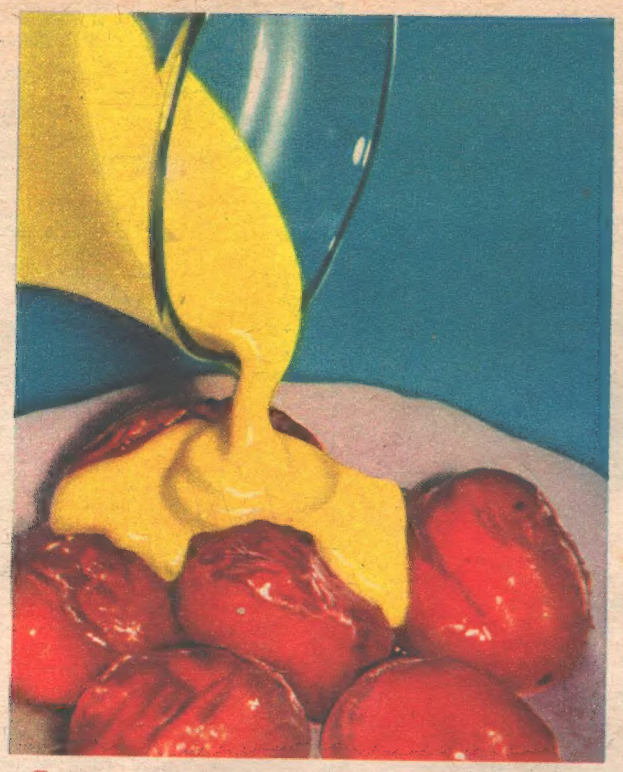

GOLDEN BIRD'S CUSTARD SWEETS...

Trio for Springtime

1 CREAMY CUSTARD SAUCE. Make a big jugful of Bird's creamy Custard and pour it lavishly over fruit, pies and puddings . . . it only costs pennies, but adds a wealth of pleasure. That rich, full flavour makes Bird's Custard delicious as a dish on its own, too.

2 ORANGE DATE DELIGHT. Chop 4 oz. dates and mix with two peeled and chopped oranges. Make up 1 pint Bird's wonderfully smooth Custard.

Put a layer of dates and orange at the bottom of dish, pour on cooled custard. Leave to set. Arrange another layer of dates and orange. Top with more custard. Leave until cold and decorate with orange quarters and dates. A glorious combination of glorious flavours!

3 KING-OF-THE-CASTLE CUSTARDS. Rinse small moulds or tea-cups in cold water and place a few drained and stoned cherries in the bottom of each.

Make up half Bird's Jelly with half pint water. Divide between each mould. Leave to set. Make up 1 pint extra-thick Bird's Custard and when cool pour on to set jelly. When quite set turn out on individual dishes and surround with cherry syrup. These look lovely and taste even better . . . with *Bird's* Custard.

HERE'S SERVICE! You can buy Bird's Custard in the way that suits you and your family best. In 1-pint packets, in 6-pint packets (6 separate envelopes) or in the big, save-money tin.

ALWAYS BETTER WITH BIRD'S CUSTARD